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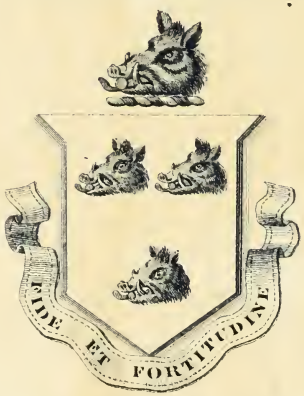

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THE
Wild Gallant:
A
COMEDY.

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

BY HIS

MAJESTIES
SERVANTS.

WRITTEN,

By JOHN DRYDEN, *Esq;*

In the SAVOY.
Printed by *Tho. Newcomb*, for *H. Heringman*, at the *Blew-Anchor*, in the Lower-Walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1669.

A

154.292
May 1673

COMEDY

BY HIS

MAJESTIE'S

SERVANTS

WRITTEN

By John Dryden, Esq;

Preface.

IT would be a great Impudence in Me to say much of a *Comedy*, which has had but indifferent success in the action. I made the Town my Judges; and the greater part condemn'd it. After which I do not think it my Concernment to defend it, with the ordinary Zeal of a Poet for his decry'd Poem. Though *Corneille* is more resolute in his *Preface* before his *Pertharite*, which was condemn'd more Universally than this: for he avowes boldly, That in spight of Censure his *Play* was well, and regularly written; which is more than I dare say for mine. Yet it was receiv'd at Court; and was more than once the Divertisement of His Majesty, by His own Command.

But I have more modesty than to ascribe that to my Merit, which was His particular Act of Grace. It was the first attempt I made in *Dramatique Poetry*; and, I find since, a very bold one, to begin with *Comedy*; which is the most difficult part of it. The Plot was not Originally my own: but so alter'd, by me (whether for the better or worse, I know not) that, whoever the Author was, he could not have challeng'd a Scene of it. I doubt not but you will see in it, the uncorrectness of a young Writer: which is yet but a small excuse for him, who is so little amended since. The best Apology I can make for it, and the truest, is onely this; That you have since that time receiv'd with Applause, as bad, and as uncorrect *Playes* from other Men.

PROLOGUE to the WILD GALLANT, as it was first Acted.

IS it not strange, to hear a Poet say,
He comes to ask you, how you like the Play?
You have not seen it yet! alas 'tis true,
But now your Love and Hatred judge, not You.
And cruel Factions (brib'd by Interest) come,
Not to weigh Merit, but to give their Doome:
Our Poet therefore, jealous of th' Event,
And (though much boldness takes) not confident,
Has sent me, whither you, fair Ladies, too
Sometimes upon as small occasions goe,
And from this Scheme, drawn for the hour and day,
Bid me inquire the fortune of his Play.

The Curtain drawn discovers two Astrologers; The Prologue is presented to them.

First Astrol. reads. *A Figure of the heavenly Bodies in their several Apartments,* Feb. *the* 5th. *half an hour after three after Noon, from whence you are to judge the success of a new Play called the* Wild Gallant.

2. Astrol. *Who must Judge of it, we, or these Gentlemen? We'l not meddle with it, so tell your Poet. Here are in this House the ablest Mathematicians in* Europe *for his purpose.*
They will resolve the question e'r they part.

1. Ast. *Yet let us judge it by the rules of Art.*
First Jupiter, *the Ascendants Lord disgrac'd,*
In the twelfth House, and near grim Saturn *plac'd,*
Denote short life unto the Play:——

2. Ast.

2. Aſt. —— Jove yet,
In his Apartment Sagitary, *ſet*
Under his own Roof, cannot take much wrong;
1. Aſt. *Why then the Lifes not very ſhort, nor long;*
2. Aſt. *The Luck not very good, nor very ill,*
Prolo. *That is to ſay, 'tis as 'tis taken ſtill.*
1. Aſt. *But, Brother,* Ptolomy *the Learned ſays,*
'Tis the fifth houſe from whence we judge of Plays.
Venus *the Lady of that Houſe I find*
Is Peregrine, *your Play is ill deſign'd,*
It ſhould have been but one continued Song,
Or at the leaſt a Dance of 3 hours long.
2. Aſtr. *But yet the greateſt Miſchief does remain,*
The twelfth apartment bears the Lord of Spain;
Whence I conclude it is your Authors lot,
To be indanger'd by a Spaniſh Plot.
Prolo. *Our Poet yet protection hopes from you,*
But bribes you not with any thing that's new.
Nature is old, which Poets imitate,
And for Wit, thoſe that boaſt their own eſtate,
Forget Fletcher *and* Ben *before them went,*
Their Elder Brothers, and that vaſtly ſpent:
So much 'twill hardly be repair'd again,
Not, though ſupply'd with all the wealth of Spain:
This Play is Engliſh, *and the growth your own;*
As ſuch it yields to Engliſh *Plays alone.*
He could have wiſh'd it better for your ſakes;
But that in Plays he finds you love miſtakes:
Beſides he thought it was in vain to mend
What you are bound in honour to defend,
That Engliſh *Wit (how e'r deſpiſ'd by ſome)*
Like Engliſh *Valour ſtill may overcome.*

PRO-

PROLOGUE to the WILD-GALLANT Reviv'd.

AS some raw Squire, by tender Mother bred,
Till one and Twenty keeps his Maidenhead,
(Pleas'd with some Sport which he alone does find,
And thinks a secret to all Humane kind;)
Till mightily in love, yet halfe afraid,
He first attempts the gentle Dairymaid:
Succeeding there, and led by the renown
Of Whetstones Park, *he comes at length to Town,*
Where enter'd, by some School-fellow, or Friend,
He grows to break Glass-Windows in the end:
His valour too, which with the Watch began,
Proceeds to duell, and he kills his Man.
By such degrees, while knowledge he did want,
Our unfletch'd Author, writ a Wild Gallant.
He thought him monstrous lewd (I'l lay my life)
Because suspected with his Landlords Wife:
But since his knowledge of the Town began,
He thinks him now a very civil man:
And, much asham'd of what he was before,
Has fairly play'd him at three Wenches more.
'Tis some amends his frailties to confess;
Pray pardon him his want of wickedness:
He's towardly, and will come on apace;
His frank confession shows he has some grace.
You balk'd him when he was a young beginner,
And almost spoyl'd a very hopeful sinner:
But, if once more you slight his weak indeavour;
For ought I know, he may turn tail for ever.

The

THE
VVild Gallant.

The Scene *LONDON*.

Names of the Persons.

Lord *Nonsuch*,	An old rich humorous Lord.
Justice *Trice*,	His Neighbour.
Mr. *Loveby*,	The Wild Gallant.
Sir *Timorous*,	A bashful Knight.
Failer, *Burr*,	Hangers on of Sir *Timorous*.
Bibber,	A Taylor.
Setstone,	A Jeweller.

Women.

Lady *Constance*,	Lord *Nonsuch* his Daughter.
Madam *Isabelle*,	Her Cousin.
Mrs. *Bibber*,	The Taylers Wife.

Sergeants.
Boy to *Loveby*.
Servants.
A Bawd and Whores.
Watch and Constable.

The

THE Wild Gallant.

SCENE LONDON.

Act I. Scene I.

Failer *entering to* Burr; *who is putting on his Buff-coat.*

Fail. WHat! Not ready yet, Man?

Burr. You do not consider my Voyage from *Holland* last night.

Fail. Pish, a meer Ferry; get up, get up; my Cousins Maids will come and Blancket thee anon: Art thou not ashamed to lie a Bed so long?

Bur. I may be more ashamed to rise; and, so you'l say, dear Heart, if you look upon my Cloaths; the best is, my Buff-coat will cover all.

Fail. I gad, there goes more cunning than one would think, to the putting thy Cloaths together: thy Doublet and Breeches are Guelphs and Ghibellins to one another; and the stiches of thy Doublet are

so far asunder, that it seems to hang together by the teeth. No Man could ever guess to what part of the Body these fragments did belong, unless he had been acquainted with u'm as long as thou hast been. If they once lose their hold, they can never get together again, except by chance the Rags hit the Tallies of one another. He that gets into thy Doublet, must not think to do't by storme; no, he must win it inch by inch, as the *Turk* did *Rhodes*.

Burr. You are very merry with my Wardrobe: but, till I am provided of a better, I am resolv'd to receive all Visits in this Truckle-bed.

Fail. Then will I first scotch the Wheeles of it, that it may not run; thou hast Cattle enough in it, to carry it down stairs, and break thy Neck: 'tis got a yard nearer the door already.

Enter Boy.

Sir, Mr. *Bibber* your Taylor's below, and desires to speak with you.

Fail. He's an honest Fellow, and a fashionable, he shall set thee forth I warrant thee.

Burr. I, but Where's the Money for this, dear Heart?

Fail. — Well, but what think you of being put into a Suit of Cloaths, without Money? [*aside.*

Burr. You speak of Miracles.

Fail. Do you not know *Will. Bibbers* humor?

Burr. Prethee, What have I to do with his humor?

Fail. Break but a Jest, and he'll beg to trust thee for a Suit; nay, he will contribute to his own destruction; and give thee occasions to make one: he has been my Artificer these three years; and, all the while I have liv'd upon his favourable apprehension: Boy, conduct him up. [*Exit* Boy.

Burr. But, What am I the better for this? I ne'r made Jeast in all my life.

Fail. A bare clinch will serve the turne; a Carwhichet, a Quarterquibble, or a Punn.

Burr. Wit from a Low-Countrey-Soldier? One that has convers'd with none but dull *Dutchmen* these ten yeares! What an unreasonable Rogue art thou? why, I tell thee, tis as difficult to me, as to pay him ready Money.

Fail. Come,

Fail. Come, you shall be rul'd for your own good: Lie down; I'll throw the Cloaths over you to help Meditation: and, upon the first opportunity, start you up, and surprize him with a Jeast.

Burr. Well, I think this impossible to be done: but, however I'll attempt.

[*Lies down*, Failer *covers him.*

Fail. Husht! he's coming up.

Enter Bibber.

Bib. Morrow Mr. *Failer:* What, I warrant you think I come a Dunning now?

Fail. No, I vow to Gad, *Will*, I have a better opinion of thy Wit, than to think, thou would'st come to so little purpose.

Bib. Pretty well that: No, no; my business is to drink my mornings-Draught in Sack with you.

Fail. Will not Ale serve the turne, *Will?*

Bib. I had too much of that last night; I was a little disguis'd, as they say.

Fail. Why disguis'd? Hadst thou put on a clean Band, or wash'd thy Face lately? those are thy Disguises, *Bibber.*

Bibb. Well, in short, I was drunk; damnably drunk with Ale; great Hogen Mogen bloody Ale: I was porterly drunk; and that I hate of all things in Nature.

Burr Rising: And of all things in Nature I love it best.

Bib. Art thou there I'faith; and why, old Boy?

Burr. Because when I am porterly drunk, I can carry my self.

Bib. Ha, ha Boy.

Fail. This Porter brings sad Newes to you *Will:* you must trust him for a Suit of Cloaths, as bad as 'tis: come, he's an honest Fellow, and loves the King.

Bib. Why? it shall be my Suit to him, that I may trust him.

Burr. I grant your Suit, Sir,

Fail. Burr, make hast and dress you: Sir *Timorous* Dines here to day, you know him.

Burr. I, I, a good honest young Fellow; but, no Conjurer; he and I are very kind.

Fail. I gad we two have a constant Revenue out of him: he would now be admitted Suitor to my Lady *Constance Nonsuch*,

my Lord *Nonſuch* his Daughter; our Neighbour here in *Fleet-ſtreet.*

Burr. Is the Match in any forwardneſs?

Fail. He never ſaw her before yeſterday, and will not be brought to ſpeak to her this Moneth yet.

Burr. That's ſtrange.

Fail. Such a baſhful Knight did I never ſee; but we muſt move for him.

Bib. They ſay here's a great Dinner to be made to day here, at your Couſin *Trices*, on purpoſe for the enterview.

Burr. What he keeps up his old humour ſtill?

Fail. Yes certain; he admires eating and drinking well, as much as ever, and meaſures every Man's wit by the goodneſs of his Pallat.

Burr. Who Dines here beſides?

Fail. Jack Loveby.

Bib. O, my Gheſt.

Burr. He has ever had the repute of a brave clear-ſpirited Fellow.

Fail. He's one of your Dear Hearts: a Debauche.

Burr. I love him the better for't: the beſt Heraldry of a Gentleman is a Clap deriv'd to him, from three Generations: What fortune has he?

Fail. Good Fortune at all Games; but no Eſtate: he had one; but he has made a Devil on't long ago: he's a bold Fellow, I vow to Gad: a perſon that keeps company with his betters; and commonly has Gold in's pockets: come *Bibber*; I ſee thou long'ſt to be at thy mornings watering: I'll try what credit I have with the Butler.

Burr. Come away my noble Feſtus, and new Cuſtomer.

Fail. Now will he drink till his Face be no bigger than a threepence. (*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Loveby *and* Boy; *follow'd by* Frances, Bibbers *Wife.*

Lov. Nay, the Devil take thee, sweet Landlady, hold thy tongue: Was't not enough thou hast scolded me from my Lodging, which, as long as I rent it, is my Castle; but to follow me here to Mr. *Trices*, where I am Invited; and to discredit me before strangers, for a lowsy, Paltry summ of Money?

Franc. I tell you truely, Mr. *Loveby*, my husband and I cannot live by Love, as they say; we must have wherewithal, as they say; and pay for what we take; and so shall you, or some shall smoak for't.

Lov. Smoak! why a piece of hung Beefe in *Holland* is not more smoakt, than thou hast Smoak'd me already. Thou know'st I am now fasting; let me have but fair play; when I have lin'd my sides with a good dinner, I'll ingage upon reputation, to come home again, and thou shalt scold at me all the afternoon.

Franc. I'll take the Law on you.

Lov. The Law allowes none to scold in their own causes: What do'st thou think the Lawyers take our money for?

Franc. I hope you intend to deale by my Husband like a Gentleman, as they say?

Lov. Then I should beat him most unmercifully, and not pay him neither.

Franc. Come, you think to fubb me off with your Jeasts as you do my Husband; but it wonn't be: yonder he comes, and company with him; Husband, husband; why *William* I say!

Enter Bibber, Burr, *and* Failer *at the other end.*

Lov. Speak softly, and I will satisfie thee.

Franc. You shall not satisfie me, Sir; pay me for what you owe me, for Chamber-rent, and Diet, and many a good thing beside that shall be nameless.

Lov. What a Stygian woman's this to talk thus? hold thy tongue till they be gone, or I'll Cuckold thy husband:

Franc. You

Franc. You Cuckold him —— would you durſt Cuckold him; I will not hold my tongue, Sir.

Bib. Yonders my Gueſt; What ſay you Gentlemen? Shall I call him to go down with us?

Lov. I muſt make a looſe from her, there's no other way: Save ye Mr. *Failer*; Is your Couſin *Trice* ſtirring yet: anſwer me quickly Sir, Is your Couſin *Trice* yet ſtirring?

Fail. I'll go and ſee, Sir; ſure the man has a mind to beat me; but I vow to Gad I have no mind to be beaten by him: come away *Burr: Will*, you'll follow us.

Bib. I'll be with you immediately--- [*Exeunt* Burr, Failer.

Lov. Who was that with *Failer*, *Will?*

Bib. A man at Armes, that's come from *Holland.*

Lov. A man out at Armes thou mean'ſt, *Will.*

Bib. Good I'faith.

Fran. I, I; you run queſting up and down after your Gambols, and your Jeaſts *William*; and never minde the main Chance, as they ſay: pray get in your Debts, and think upon your Wife and Children.

Lov. Think upon the Sack at *Cary-Houſe*, with the *Apricot* flavour *Will:* hang a Wife; What is ſhe, but a lawful kind of Manſlayer? every little hugg in bed, is a degree of murdering thee: and for thy Children fear u'm not: thy part of u'm ſhall be Taylors, and they ſhall truſt; and thoſe thy Cuſtomers get for thee ſhall be Gentlemen, and they ſhall be truſted by their Brethren; and ſo thy children ſhall live by one another.

Bib. Did you mark that *Frances?* there was wit now; he call'd me Cuckold to my face, and yet for my heart I cannot be angry with him: I perceive you love *Frances*, Sir; and I love her the better for your ſake; ſpeak truely, Do you not like ſuch a pretty brown kind of woman?

Lov. I do I'faith, *Will*; your fair Women have no ſubſtance in u'm; they ſhrink ith' wetting.

Franc. Well, you may be undone if you will Husband: I hear there are 2 or 3 Actions already out againſt him: you may be the laſt, if you think good.

Bib. 'Tis true ſhe tel's me; I love your wit well Sir; but I muſt cut my coat according to my cloath.

Frant. Sir,

Franc. Sir, we'll come by our own as we can; if you put us off from week to week thus.

Lov. Nay, but good Landlady——

Franc. Will good Landlady set on the Pot, as they say; or make the Jack goe; then I'll hear you.

Bib. Now she's too much on t'other hand: hold your prating *Frances*; or I'l put you out of your Pater Nosters with a sorrow to you.

Franc. I did but lay the Law open to him, as they say, whereby to get our money in: but if you knew how he has us'd me Husband.

Bib. Has he us'd you *Frances*; put so much more into his Bill for Lodging.

Lov. Honest *Will*, and so he dy'd; I thank thee little *Bibber*, being sober, and when I am drunk, I will kiss thee for't.

Bib. Thank me, and pay me my money, Sir; though I could not forbear my jeast, I do not intend to lose by you; if you pay me not the sooner, I must provide you another Lodging; say I gave you warning.

Lov. Against next quarter Landlord?

Bib. Of an hour Sir.

Lov. That's short warning, *Will.*

Bib. By this hand you shall up into the Garret where the little bed is; I'll let my best roome to a better pay-master; you know the Garret, Sir.

Franc. I, he knows it by a good Token Husband.

Lov. I sweat to think of that Garret, *Will*; thou art not so unconscionable to put me there: why 'tis a kind of little ease, to cramp thy rebellious Prentices in; I have seen an Usurers Iron Chest would hold two on't: a penny Looking-glass cannot stand upright in the Window; that and the Brush fills it: the Hat-case must be dispos'd under the Bed, and the Comb-case will hang down from the Seeling to the Floore. If I chance to Dine in my Chamber, I must stay till I am empty before I can get out: and if I chance to spill the Chamber-pot, it will over-flow it from top to bottom.

Bib. Well, for the description of the Garret, I'll bate you something of the Bill.

Lov. All, all, good *Will*; or to stay thy fury till my Rents come up; I will describe thy little Face.

Bib. No, rather describe your own little money; I am sure that's so little, it is not visible.

Lov. You

Lov. You are ith' right, I have not a crosse at present, as I am a sinner; and you will not believe me, I'll turn my Pockets inside outward. —— —— Ha! What's the meaning of this, my Pockets heavy? Has my small Officer put in Counters to abuse me? ——How now, yellow Boyes, by this good light! Sirrah, Varlet, How came I by this Gold? Ha!

Boy. What Gold do you meane, Sir? the Devil-a-piece you had this morning: in these last three weekes I have almost forgot what my Teeth were made for; last night good Mrs. *Bibber* here took pitty on me, and crumm'd me a Mess of Gruel, with the Children, and I popt and popt my Spoon three or four times to my mouth, before I could find the way to't.

Lov. 'Tis strange, how I should come by so much Money! (*aside.* Has there been no body about my Chamber this morning Landlady?

Boy. O yes, Sir; I forgot to tell you that: this Morning a strange Fellow, as ever eyes beheld, would needs come up to you when you were asleep; but when he came down again, he said, He had not wak'd you.

Lov. Sure this Fellow, who e'r he was, was sent by Fortune to mistake me into so much Money.—Well, this is not the first time my necessities have been strangely supply'd: some *Cadua* or other has a kindness for me, that's certain: (*aside.* —— Well Monsieur *Bibber*, from henceforward I'l keep my wit for more refin'd spirits; you shall be paid with dirt; ——there's Money for you.

Bib. Nay, Good Sir. ——

Lov. What's your summ? tell it out: Will the Money burn your fingers? Sirrah, Boy, fetch my Suit with the Gold Lace at Sleeves from Tribulation —— Gives him Gold. [*Exit* Boy. Mr. *Taylor*, I shall turn the better Bill-man, and knock that little Coxcomb of yours, if you do not answer me what I owe you.

Bib. Pray Sir, trouble not your self; 'tis nothing; Ifeck now 'tis not.

Lov. How, nothing Sir?

Franc. And't please your worship, it was seventeen pounds and a Noble, yesterday at noon, your worship knows: and then your worship came home ill last night, and complain'd of your worships head; and I sent for 3 Dishes of *Tea* for your good worship, and that was sixpence more, and please your worship's honor.

Lov. Well;

Lov. Well; there's eighteen peices; tell u'm.

Bib. I say, *Frances*, do not take u'm.

Lov. What, Is all your pleading of necessity come to this?

Bib. Now I see he will pay he shall not pay, *Frances*; go home, and fetch him the whole bag of forty pounds, I'll lend it him, and the Lease of the House too; he shall want for nothing.

Lov. Take the Money, or I'll leave your house.

Bib. Nay, rather than displease his Worship, take it.

(*She takes it.*

Lov. So, so; go home quietly, and Suckle my God-son, *Francis.*

(*Exit* Frances.

Bib. If you are for the Cellar, Sir, you know the way. (*Exit* Bibber.

Lov. No, my first visit shall be to my Mistriss, the Lady *Constance Nonsuch*; She's discreet, and how the Devil she comes to love me, I know not; yet I am pretty confident she loves me: well, no woman can be wiser than, you know what will give her leave to be.

Enter Lady Constance, *and Madam* Isabelle.

Isa. Look, look; Is not that your Servant, *Loveby?*

Love. 'Tis she; there's no being seen, till I am better habited—

(*Exit* Loveby.

Const. Let him go, and take no notice of him: poor Rogue! He little thinks I know his poverty.

Isa. And less, that you supply it by an unknown hand.

Const. I, and falsified my Fathers Keyes to do it.

Isa. How can you answer this to your discretion?

Const. Who could see him want she loves?

Enter Setstone.

Isa. Oh here's Mr. *Setstone* come, your Jeweller, Madam.

Const. Wellcome *Setstone*; Hast thou perform'd thy visit Happily, and without discovery?

Set. As you would wish it, Madam: I went up to his Chamber without interruption; and there found him Drowning his cares, and pacifying his hunger with sleep; Which advantage I took, and undiscovered by him left The Gold divided in his Pockets.

Const. Well,

Const. Well, this Money will furnish him I hope, that we may have his company again.

Set. Two hundred and fifty good pounds, Madam! Has your Father miss'd it yet?

Const. No; if he had, we should have all heard on't before now: but, pray God Monsieur *Loveby* has no other haunts to divert him now he's ransom'd: What a kind of woman is his Landlady?

Set. Well enough to serve a Tailor; or to kiss when he comes home drunk, or wants Money; but, farr unlikely to create jealousie in your Ladyship.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Justice *Trice* desires your Ladiships excuse, that he has not yet perform'd the Civilities of his hour to you; he is dispatching a little business, about which he is earnestly employed.

Const. He's Master of his own occasions. [*Exit* Servant.

Isa. We shall see him anon with his Face as red, as if it had been boyl'd in Pump-water: but, When comes this Mirror of Knighthood that is to be presented you for your Servant?

Const. Oh, 'tis well thought on; 'Faith thou know'st my affections are otherwise dispos'd; he's rich, and thou want'st a Fortune; atchieve him if thou canst; 'tis but trying, and thou hast as much wit as any Wench in *England.*

Isa. On condition you'l take it for a Courtesie to be ridd of an Ass, I care not if I marry him: the old foole, your Father, would be so importunate to match you with a young Foole, that partly for quietness sake I am content to take him.

Const. To take him! then you make sure on't.

Isa. As sure, as if the Sack Posset were already eaten.

Const. But, What meanes wilt thou use to get him?

Isa. I'l bribe *Failer*, he's the man.

Const. Why this Knight is his inheritance; he lives upon him: Do'st thou think he'll ever admit thee to govern him? no, he fears thy wit too much: besides, he has already received an hundred pound to make the Match between Sir *Timorous* and me.

Isa. 'Tis

Isa. 'Tis all one for that; I warrant you he sells me Fee-simple of him.

Set. Your Father, Madam.——

Enter Nonsuch.

Isab. The Tempest is risen; I see it in his face; he puffs and blowes yonder, as if two of the Winds were fighting upwards and downwards in his belly.

Set. Will he not find your false Keyes, Madam?

Isa. I hope he will have more Humanity than to search us.

Const. You are come after us betimes, Sir.

Non. Oh Child! I am undone; I am robb'd, I am robb'd; I have utterly lost all stomach to my dinner.

Const. Robb'd! good my Lord how, or of what?

Non. Two hundred and fifty pounds in fair Gold out of my Study: an hundred of it I was to have paid a Courtier this afternoon for a Bribe.

Set. I protest, my Lord, I had as much a do to get that parcel of Gold for your Lordship.——

Non. You must get me as much more against to morrow; for then my Friend at Court is to pay his Mercer.

Isa. Nay, if that be all, there's no such hast: the Courtiers are not so forward to pay their Debts.

Const. Has not the *Monkey* been in the Study? he may have carried it away, and dropt it under the Garden-window: the grass is long enough to hide it.

Non. I'll go see immediately.

Enter Failer, Burr, Timorous.

Fail. This is the Gentleman, my Lord.

Non. He's wellcome

Fail. And this the particular of his Estate.

Non. That's wellcome too.

Fail. But, besides the Land here mentioned, he has wealth in specie.

Non. A very fine young Gentleman.

Tim. Now, my Lord, I hope there's no great need of Wooing: I suppose my Estate will speak for me; yet, if you please to put in a word.

Non. That will I instantly.

Tim. I hope I shall have your good word too Madam, to your Cousin for me; [*To* Isabelle.]

Isa. Any thing within my power, Sir *Timorous.*

Non. Daughter, here's a person of Quality, and one that loves and honours you exceedingly ——

Tim. Nay, good my Lord! you discover all at first dash.

Non. Let me alone; Sir; Have not I the dominion over my own Daughter? *Constance*, heres a Knight in love with you, Childe.

Const. In love with me, my Lord, it is not possible.

Non. Here he stands that will make it good, Childe.

Tim. Who I, my Lord? I hope her Ladyship has a better opinion of me than so.

Non. What, Are not you in love with my Daughter? I'll be Sworn you told me so but ev'n now: I'll eat Words for no man.

Tim. If your Ladyship will believe all reports that are raised on Men of Quality ——

Non. He told it me with his own mouth, Child: I'll eat words for no man; that's more than ever I told him yet.

Fail. You told him so but just now; fye, Sir *Timorous.*

Non. He shall have no Daughter of mine and he were a thousand Knights; he told me, he hop'd I would speak for him: I'll eat no mans words; that's more than ever *I* told him yet.

Isa. You need not keep such a pudder about eating his words; you see he has eaten u'm already for you.

Non. I'll make him stand to his words, and he shall not marry my Daughter neither: by this good day, I will — (*Exit* Nonsuch.

Const. 'Tis an ill day to him; he has lost 250 *l.* a'd. (*To* Isab.

Burr. He swears at the rate of two thousand pounds a year, if the *Rump* Act were still in being.

Fail. He's in passion man; and besides, he has been a great Fanatick formerly, and now has got a habit of Swearing, that he may be thought a Cavalier.

Burr. What

Bur. What noise is that? *I* think *I* hear your Cousin *Trice*'s voice.

Fail. I'll go see ——— *Exit* Fail.

Isab. Come Sir *Timerous*, be not discourag'd : 'tis but an old mans frowardness; he's alwayes thus against raine.

Enter Failer.

Fail. O Madam follow me quickly; and if you do not see sport Melancholy be upon my head. ———

Exeunt omnes.

The Scene changes, and Trice *is discovered playing at Tables by himself, with Spectacles on, a Bottle, and Parmezan by him; they return and see him, undiscovered by him.*

Trice: Cinque and Cater: my Cinque I play here Sir, my Cater here Sir: Now for you Sir: but first I'll drink to you Sir; upon my faith I'll do you reason Sir: mine was thus full Sir: pray mind your play Sir: —Size Ace I have thrown: I'll play em at length Sir: —— will you Sir? then you have made a blot Sir; I'll try if I can enter: I have hit you Sir.

——I think you can cog a Dye Sir.

——I cog a Dye Sir? I play as fair as you, or any man.

—— You lye Sir, how lye Sir; I'll teach you what 'tis to give a Gentleman the lye Sir. ——

throws down the Tables.

They all laugh and discover themselves.

Isab. Is this your serious business?

Trice: O you rogue are you there? you are welcome huswife, and so are you *Constance*. *fa tol de re tol de re la.*

claps their backs.

Isab. Prithee be not so rude *Trice.*

Trice: Huswife *Constance*, I'll have you into my Larder, and shew you my provision: I have Cocles, dainty fat Cocles that came in the night; if they had seen the day I would not have given a fart for u'm. I would the King had u'm.

Const. He has as good I warrant you.

Trice: Nay, thats a lye, I could sit and cry for him sometimes; he

he does not know what 'tis to eat a good meal in a whole year : his Cooks are Asses : I have a delicate dish of Ruffs to dinner Sirrah.

Const. To dinner!

Trice : To dinner! why by supper they had been past their prime. I'll tell thee the story of u'm : I have a friend.——

Enter Serv.

Sir, Dinner's upon the Table.

Trice : Well, well; I have a friend as I told you.——

Serv. Dinner stayes Sir; 'tis Dinner that stayes : sure he will hear now.

Trice. I have a friend as I told you——

Isab. I believe he's your friend, you are so loath to part with him--

Trice. Away; away;—I'll tell you the story between the courses. Go you to the Cook immediately, sirrah; and bring me word what we have to supper, before we go to dinner; I love to have the satisfaction of the day before me.

Exeunt omnes.

Act. II. Scene II.

Enter as from Dinner, Trice, Timerous, Failer, Burr, Constance, Isabelle.

Trice. SPeak thy conscience; was it not well dress'd sirrah?

Tim. What think you of the Park, after our plenteous entertainment Madam?

Isab. I defie the Park, and all its works.

Const. Come, Mr. *Trice*, we'll walk in your Garden.

Exeunt, præter Failer *and* Burr.

Fail. O, one thing I had almost forgot to tell you : one of us two must ever be near Sir *Timerous*.

Burr : Why?

Fail. To guard our interest in him from the Enemy Madam *Isabelle*,

belle; who, I doubt, has designes upon him. I do not fear her wit, but her sex; she carries a prevailing argument about her.

Enter Bibber *with a Bottle.*

Bib. By this hand, I have light upon the best wine in your Cousins Cellar: drink but one glass to me, to shew I am welcome, and I am gone.

Fail. Here then, honest *Will*, 'tis a cup of forbearance to thee.

Bib. Thank you Sir, I'll pledge you —— now here's to you again.

Fail. Come away; what is't *Will?*

Bib. 'Tis what you christned it, a cup of forbearance Sir.

Fail. Why, I drank that to thee *Will*, that thou shouldst forbear thy money.

Bib. And I drink this to you, Sir; hence forward I'll forbear working for you.

Fail. Then say I: take a little Bibber, and throw him in the river, and if he will trust never, then there let him lie ever.

Bib. then say I; take a little *Failer*, and throw him to the Jailour; and there let him lye, till he has paid his Tailor,

Bur. You are very smart upon one another Gentlemen.

Fail. This is nothing between us; I use to tell him of his Title, *Fiery facias*; and his setting dog, that runs into Ale-houses before him, and comes questing out again, if any of the Woots his customers be within.

Bib. I faith 'tis true; and I use to tell him of his two Capons tails about his hat, that are laid spread-eagle wise to make a feather; *I* would go into the snow at any time, and in a quarter of an hour *I* would come in with a better feather upon my head; and so farewell Sir; *I* have had the better on you hitherto, and for this time *I* am resolved to keep it. *Exit Bibber.*

Fail. The rogue's too hard for me; but the best on't is, *I* have my revenge upon his purse.

Enter Isabelle.

Isab. Came not Sir *Timerous* this way, Gentlemen? he left us in the Garden, and said he would look out my Lord *Nonsuch*, to make his peace with him.

Fail. I.

Fail. Madame, *I* like not your enquiring after Sir *Timerous*: *I* suspect you have some design upon him: you would fain undermine your Cousin, and marry him your self.

Isab. Suppose *I* should design it; what are you the worse for my good fortune? Shall *I* make a proposition to you: I know you two carry a great stroke with him: make the match between us, and propound to your selves, what advantages you can reasonably hope: you shall chouse him of horses, cloaths, and money, and *I'll* wink at it.

Bur. And if he will not be chous'd, we shall beat him out ont?

Isab. For that, as you can agree.

Fail. Give us handsel of the bargain; let us enjoy you, and 'tis a match.

Isab. Grammarcy ifaith boyes; *I* love a good offer how e'r the world goes: but you would not be so base to wrong him that way.

Fail. *I* vow to gad but *I* would Madam: in a horse or a woman *I* may lawfully cheat my own Father: besides, *I* know the Knights complexion; he would be sure to follow other women; and all that.

Isab. Nay, if he fought with the sword, he should give me leave to fight with the Scabbard.

Bur. What say you Madam? is't a bargain.

Isab. 'Tis but a promise; and *I* have learnt a Court trick for performing any thing. (aside) Well Gentlemen, when *I* am married I'll think upon you; you'll grant there's a necessity *I* should Cuckold him, if it were but to prove my self a Wit.

Fail. Nay, there's no doubt you'll Cuckold him; and all that; for look you he's a person fit for nothing else; but *I* fear we shall not have the graffing of the horns: we must have Livery and Seisin before hand of you, or *I* protest to gad we believe you not.

Isa. *I* have past my word, is't not sufficient? what do you think *I* would tell a lie to save such a paltrie thing as a nights lodging? —— Hark you Sir: (to *Burr*)

Fail. Now will she attempt *Burr*; igad she has found him out for the weaker vessel.

Isa. *I* have no kindness for that *Failer*, we'll strike him out, and manage Sir *Timerous* our selves.

Burr: Indeed we wonnot.

Isa. *Failer*'s a Rook, and besides, he's such a debauch'd fellow.

Burr: *I* am ten times worse.

Isa.

Isa. Leave it, and him that taught it you: you have virtuous inclinations, and I would not have you ruine your self. He that serves many Mistresses, surfeits on his diet, and grows dead to the whole sex: 'tis the folly in the world next long ears and braying.

Bur. Now I'm sure you have a mind to me; when a woman once 'falls to preaching, the next thing is ever use and application.

Isa. Forbear your rudeness —

Bur. Then I am sure you meant to jilt me: you decline *Failer* because he has wit; and you think me such an ass, that you may pack me off so soon as you are married; no, no, I'll not venture certainties for uncertainties.

Isa. I can hold no longer; Mr. *Failer*, what do you think this fellow was saying of you?

Fail. Of me, Madam.

Isa. That you were one of the erranteſt Cowards in Christendom, though you went for one of the Dear Hearts: that your name had been upon more posts than play-bills: and that he had been acquainted with you these seven years, drunk and sober, and yet could never fasten a quarrel upon you.

Bur. Do you believe this, Dear Heart?

Isa. If you deny it, I'll take his sword, and force you to confess it.

Fail. I vow to gad, this will not do, Madam: you shall not set us at variance so easily; neither shall you have Sir *Timerous*.

Isa. No! then mark my words: *I*'ll marry him in spight of you; and which is worse you shall both work my ends; and *I* ll discard you for your pains.

Fail. You shall not touch a bit of him: *I*'ll preserve his humbles from you igad; they shall be his Keepers fees.

Bur. She shall cut an Atome sooner than divide us.

Exeunt Burr *and* Failer.

Enter Constance.

Con. I have given u'm the slip in the Garden, to come and overhear thee: no fat overgrown virgin of forty ever offer'd her self so dog cheap, or was more despis'd: me-thinks now this should mortifie thee exceedingly.

Isa. Not a whit the more for that: Cousin mine, our Sex is not so easily put out of conceit with our own beauties.

Con. Thou hast lost the opinion of thy honesty, and got nothing in recompence: now that's such an oversight in a Lady.

Isab. You are deceiv'd; they think me too virtuous for their purpose; but I have yet another way to try, and you shall help me.

Enter Loveby *new habited.*

Const. Mr. *Loveby*, welcome, welcome: where have you been this fortnight.

Lov. Faith, Madam, out of Town to see a little thing that's fallen to me upon the death of a Grandmother.

Const. You thank death for the windfall, Servant: but why are you not in mourning for her.

Lov. Troth Madam it came upon me so suddenly *I* had not time: twas a fortune utterly unexpected by me.

Isab. Why, was your Grandmother so young you could not look for her decease?

Lov. Not for that neither; but *I* had many other kindred whom she might have left it to, only she heard *I* liv'd here in fashion, and spent my money in the eye of the world.

Const. You forge these things prettily; but *I* have heard you are as poor as a decimated Cavalier, and had not one foot of land in all the world.

Lov. Rivals tales, Rivals tales, Madam.

Const. Where lies your land, Sir?

Lov. *I*'ll tell you Madam, it has upon it a very fair Manor house; from one side you have in prospect an hanging Garden.

Isa. Who was hang'd there? not your Grandmother *I* hope?

Lov. In the midst of it you have a Fountain: you have seen that at *Hampton-Court*; it will serve to give you a slight image of it. Beyond the Garden you look to a River through a Perspective of fruit-trees; and beyond the River you see a Mead so flowry: well I shall never be at quiet, till we two make hay there.

Const. But where lies this Paradice?

Lov. Pox on't; I am thinking to sell it, it has such a villanous unpleasant name; it would have sounded so harsh in a Ladies ear. But for the Fountain, Madam ——

Const. The Fountain's a poor excuse, it will not hold water; come the name, the name.

Lov. Faith it is come so lately into my hands, that I have forgot the name on't.

Isa.

Isab. That's much, now, you should forget the name, and yet could make such an exact description of the place.

Lov. If you will needs know, the name's *Bawdy*; sure this will give a stop to their curiosity. (*aside.*)

Isa. At least you'll tell us in what County it lies, that my Cousin may send to enquire about it; come, this shall not serve your turn, tell us any Town that's near it.

Lov. 'Twill be somewhat too far to send; it lies in the very North of *Scotland.*

Isa. In good time, a Paradice in the *Highlands*; is't not so Sir?

Const. It seems you went Post, Servant; in troth you are a rank rider, to go to the North of *Scotland*, stay and take possession, and return again, in ten days time.

Isa. I never knew your Grandmother was a *Scotch* woman: is she not a *Tartar* too: pray whistle for her, and lets see her dance: come —whist Granuee!

Const. Fie fie Servant; what no invention in you? all this while a studying for a name of your Manor? come, come, where lyes it? tell me.

Lov. No faith, I am wiser than so; I'll discover my Seat to no man; so I shall have some damn'd Lawyer keep a prying into my title to defeat me of it.

Const. How then shall I be satisfied there is such a thing in Nature?

Lov. Tell me what Jewel you would wear, and you shall have it: Enquire into my money, there's the triall.

Const. Since you are so flush, Sir, you shall give me a Locket of Diamonds of three hundred pounds.

Isa. That was too severe; you know he has but 250 *l.* to bestow. [*to her*]

Lov. Well you shall have it, Madam: but *I* cannot higgle: I know you'll say it did not cost above 200 pieces.

Isa. I'll be hangd if he does not present you with a parcel of melted Flints set in gold, or *Norfolk* pebbles.

Lov. Little Gentlewoman you are so keen: —Madam, this night *I* have appointed business, to morrow I'll wait upon you with it.

Exit Loveby.

Isa. By that time he has bought his Locket, and paid his Land-

lady, all his Money will be gone: but, Do you meane to prosecute your plot, to see him this evening?

Const. Yes, and that very privately; if my Father know it I am undone.

Enter Setstone.

Isa. I heard him say this night he had appointed business.

Set. Why that was it Madam; according to your order I put on a disguise, and found him in the *Temple*-Walkes: having drawn him aside, I told him, if he expected happiness, he must meet me in a blind Alley I nam'd to him, on the back-side of Mr. *Trices* house, just at the close of evening; there he should be satisfied from whom he had his supplies of Money.

Const. And how did he receive the Summons?

Set. Like a bold Hector of *Troy*; without the least doubt or scruple: but, the jeast on't was, he would needs believe that I was the Devil.

Const. Sure he was afraid to come then?

Set. Quite contrary; he told me *I* need not be so shy, to acknowledge my self to him; he knew I was the Devil; but he had learnt so much civility, as not to press his Friend to a farther discovery than he was pleas'd: *I* should see *I* had to do with a Gentleman; and any Courtesie *I* should confer on him he would not be unthankful; for he hated ingratitude of all things.

Const. 'Twas well carried not to disabuse him: *I* laugh to think what sport *I* shall have anon, when *I* convince him of his lies, and let him know *I* was the Devil to whom he was beholding for his Money: go *Setstone*; and in the same disguise be ready for him.

(*Exit* Setstone.

Isa. How dare you trust this fellow?

Const. *I* must trust some body; gain has made him mine, and now fear will keep him faithful.

To them, Burr, Failer, Timorous, Trice, Nonsuch.

Fail. Pray, my Lord, take no picque at it: 'tis not given to all men to be confident: Igad you shall see Sir *Timorous* will redeem all upon the next occasion.

Non. A

Non A raw mieking Boy.

Isa. And what are you but an old Boy of five and fifty; *I* never knew any thing so humorsome. —— I warrant you, Sir *Timorous*, I'll speak for you.

Non. Would'st thou have me be friends with him! for thy sake he shall onely add five hundred a year to her Joynture, and I'll be satisfied: come you hither, Sir.

Here Trice *and* Nonsuch *and* Timorous, *talk privately*; Burr *with* Failer *apart*; Constance *with* Isabelle.

Const. You'l not find your account in this trick to get *Failer* beaten; 'tis too palpable and open.

Isa. I warrant you 'twill pass upon *Burr* for a time: so my revenge, and your interest will go on together.

Fail. Burr, there's mischief a brewing, *I* know it by their whispring: I Vow to Gad: look to your self, their designs on you; for my part I am a person that am above u'm.

Tim. to *Trice:* But then you must speak for me Mr. *Trice*; and you too my Lord.

Non. If you deny't again, I'll beat you; look to't Boy.

Trice. Come on; I'l make the bargain.

Isa. You were ever good in a Flesh Market.

Trice. Come you little Harlotry; What satisfaction can you give me for running away before the Ruffs came in?

Const. Why I left you to u'm, that ever invite your own belly to the greatest part of all your feasts.

Trice. I have brought you a Knight here Huswife, with a plentiful Fortune to furnish out a Table; and, What would you more? Would you be an *Angel* in Heaven?

Isab. Your minds ever upon your belly.

Trice. No; 'tis sometimes upon yours: but, What say'st thou to Sir *Timorous*, little *Constance?*

Const. Would you have me married to that King *Midas* Face?

Trice. Midas me no *Midas*; he's a Wit; he understands eating and drinking well: *Poeta coquus*, the heathen Philosopher, could tell you that.

Const. Come

Conſt. Come on Sir; What's your will with me? (*Laughs*)

Tim. Why Madam, I could onely wiſh we were a little better acquainted, that we might not Laugh at one another ſo.

Conſt. If the Fool puts forward I am undone.

Tim. Fool! Do you know me Madam?

Conſt. You may ſee I know you, becauſe I call you by your name.

Fail. You muſt endure theſe rebukes with patience, Sir *Timorous.*

Conſt. What, Are you Planet-ſtrook? Look you, my Lord, the Gentleman is Tongue-ty'd.

Non. This is paſt induring.

Fail. 'Tis nothing, my Lord; Courage, Sir *Timorous.*

Non. I ſay 'tis paſt enduring; that's more than ever I told you yet: Do you come to make a fool of my Daughter?

Iſa. Why Lord —

Non. Why Lady— (*Exit* Nonſuch.

Trice. Let's follow the old Man, and pacifie him.

Iſa. Now Couſin —— *Exeunt* Iſabelle, Trice, Burr.

Conſt. Well Mr. *Failer*, I did not think you of all the reſt would have endeavoured a thing ſo much againſt my inclination as this Marriage: if you had been acquainted with my heart, I am ſure you would not.

Fail. What can the meaning of this be? you would not have me believe you love me; and yet how otherwiſe to underſtand you I vow to Gad I cannot comprehend.

Conſt. I did not ſay I lov'd you, but if I ſhould take a fancy to your Perſon and Humour, I hope it is no Crime to tell it you: Women are ty'd to hard, unequal Laws: the paſſion is the ſame in us, and yet we are debarr'd the freedome to expreſs it. You make poor *Grecian* beggars of us Ladies; our deſires muſt have no language; but onely be faſtned to our breaſts.

Fail. Come, come; I Gad I know the whole Sex of you: your Love's at beſt but a kind of blind-mans-buff, catching at him that's next in your way.

Conſt. Well, Sir, I can take nothing ill from you; when 'tis too late, you'l ſee how unjuſt you have been to me. —— I have ſaid too much already. —— (*Is going.*)

Fail. Nay,

Fail. Nay, ſtay ſweet Madam: I Vow to Gad my fortunes better than I could imagine.

Conſt. No, pray let me go, Sir; perhaps I was in jeaſt.

Fail. Really Madam, I look upon you as a perſon of ſuch worth and all that, that I Vow to Gad I honour you of all perſons in the World; and though I am a perſon that am inconſiderable in the World, and all that Madam, yet for a perſon of your worth and excellency, I would——

Conſt. What would you, Sir?

Fail. Sacrifice my life and fortunes, I Vow to Gad, Madam.

Enter Iſabelle, Burr, *and* Timorous *at a diſtance from them.*

Iſa. There's *Failer* cloſe in Talk with my Couſin; he's ſolliciting your Suit, I warrant you, Sir *Timorous*: do but obſerve with what paſſion he courts for you.

Burr. I do not like that kneading of her hand though.

Iſa. Come, you are ſuch a jealous Coxcomb: I warrant you ſuſpect there's ſome amour between u'm; there can be nothing in't it is ſo open: pray obſerve.

Burr. But, How come you ſo officious, Madam; you, that e'n now had a deſign upon Sir *Timorous* for your ſelf?

Iſa. I thought you had a better opinion of my Wit, than to think I was in earneſt. My Couſen may do what ſhe pleaſes, but he ſhall never pin himſelf upon me aſſure him.

Conſt. } Sir *Timorous* little knows how dangerous a perſon he has
to *Fail.* } employed in making Love: —— (*aloud.*)

Burr. How's this! Pray my Lady *Conſtance*, What's the meaning of that you ſay to *Failer*?

Fail. What luck was this, that he ſhould over-hear you! Pax on't!

Conſt. Mr. *Burr*, I owe you not that ſatisfaction; what you have heard you may interpret as you pleaſe.

Tim. The Raſcal has betray'd me.

Iſa. In earneſt, Sir, I do not like it.

Fail. Dear Mr. *Burr* be pacify'd; you are a Perſon I have an honour

nour for; and this change of Affaires ſhall not be the worſe for you I gad Sir.

Conſt. Bear up reſolutely Mr. *Failer*; and maintain my Favours, as becomes my Servant.

Burr. He maintain u'm! go you *Judas!* I'll teach you what 'tis to play faſt and looſe with a Man of Warr. (*Kickes him.*

Tim. Lay it on *Burr.*

Iſa. Spare him not, *Burr.*

Conſt. Fear him not, *Servant.*

Fail. Oh, oh; would no body were on my ſide; here I am prais'd *I* Vow to Gad into all the Colours of the Rainbow.

Conſt. But, remember 'tis for me.

Burr. As you like this, proceed, Sir; but, come not near me to night, while I'm in wrath. (*Exeunt* Burr *and* Timorous.

Conſt. Come, Sir; How fare you after your ſore trial: you bore it with a moſt heroick patience.

Iſa. Brave man at Armes, but weak to *Balthazar!*

Fail. I hope to Gad, Madam, you'l conſider the merit of my ſufferings: *I* would not have been beaten thus, but to obey that perſon in the World ——

Conſt. Heaven reward you for't: *I* never ſhall.

Fail. How Madam!

Iſa. Art thou ſuch an Aſs as not to perceive thou art abus'd? this beating I contriv'd for you: you know upon what account; and have yet another or two at your ſervice: yield up the Knight in time, 'tis your beſt courſe.

Fail. Then, Does not your Ladyſhip Love me, Madam?

Conſt. Yes, yes; I love to ſee you beaten.

Iſa. Well; methinks now you have had a hard bargain on't: you have loſt your Cully, Sir *Timorous*; and your Friend *Burr*, and all to get a poor beating: but I'll ſee it mended againſt next time for you. (*Exeunt* Conſtance, Iſabelle *Laughing.*

Fail. I am ſo much amaz'd, I Vow to Gad *I* do not underſtand my own condition. (*Exit* Failer.

Enter

Enter Loveby *solus in the dark; his Sword drawn; groping out his way.* ——

Loveby. This is the time and place he 'pointed me; and 'tis certainly the Devil *I* am to meet; for no mortal creature could have that kindness for me, to supply my necessities as he has done, nor could have done it in so strange a manner: he told me he was a Scholar, and had been a Parson in the Fanatick times; a shrewd suspition it was the Devil; or at least a limb of him. If the Devil can send Churchmen on his Errands, Lord have mercy on the Layety! well, let every man speak as he finds, and give the Devil his due; I think him a very honest and well-natur'd fellow: and if I hear any man speak ill of him, (except it be a Parson that gets his living by it) I wear a Sword at his Service: yet for all this I do not much care to see him. He does not meane to hook me in for my Soul, Does he? if he does, I shall desire to be excus'd. But, What a Rogue am I, to suspect a person that has dealt so like a Gentleman by me? he comes to bring me Money, and would do it handsomely, that it might not be perceiv'd: let it be as 'twill, I'll seem to trust him, and then if he have any thing of a Gentleman in him, he will scorn to deceive me, as much as I would to cousin him, if *I* were the Devil, and he *Jack Loveby.*

Enter Failer *at t'other end of the Stage.*

Fail. What will become of me to night! *I* am just in the condition of an out-lying-Deere, that's beaten from his walk for offering to rutt: Enter I dare not for fear of *Burr.*

Lov. I hear a voice, but nothing do *I* see; speak what thou art.

Fail. There he is, watching for me: *I* must venture to run by him; and when *I* am in, *I* hope my Cousin *Trice* will defend me: the Devil would not lie abroad in such a night.

Lov. I thought it was the Devil before he nam'd himself.

[Failer *goes to run off, and falls into* Loveby's *armes.*]

Lov. Honest Sathan! well encounter'd! *I* am sorry with all my heart it is so dark: 'Faith I should be very glad to see thee at my

Lodging; prethee let's not be such strangers to one another for the time to come: and, What hast thou got under thy Cloak there little Sathan? *I* warrant thou hast brought me some more Money.

Fail. Help, help; Thieves, thieves.

[Loveby *lets him go.*

Lov. This is *Failers* voice: How the Devil was *I* mistaken! *I* must get off, e'r Company comes in. (*Exit* Loveby.

Fail. Thieves! Thieves!

Enter Trice, Burr, Timorous, *undress'd.*

All: Where! where!

Fail. One was here just now; and it should be *Loveby* by his voice, but *I* have no Witness.

Trice. It cannot be he; he wants no Money.

Burr. Come, Sirrah; I'll take pitty on you to night; you shall lie in the Truckle-bed.

Trice. Pox o'this noise, it has disturb'd me from such a Dreame of Eating!

EXEUNT OMNES.

ACT. III.

Act III.

Conſtance, Iſabelle.

Conſt. 'Twas ill luck to have the meeting broke laſt night, juſt as *Setſtone* was coming towards him.

Iſa. But in part of recompence you'll have the pleaſure of putting him on farther ſtreights: O, theſe little miſchiefs are meat and drink to me.

Conſt. He ſhall tell me from whence he has his Money: I am reſolv'd now to try him to the utmoſt.

Iſa. I would deviſe ſomething for him to do, which he could not poſſibly perform.

Conſt. As I live yonder he comes with the Jewel in his hand he promis'd me; prithee leave me alone with him.

Iſa. Speed the Plough; if I can make no ſport I'll hinder none: I'll to my Knight, Sir *Timorous*; ſhortly you ſhall hear newes from *Damætas.* [*Exit* Iſabelle.

Enter Loveby.

Lov. Look you Madam, here's the Jewel; do me the favour to accept it, and ſuppoſe a very good Complement deliver'd with it.

Conſt. Believe me a very fair Jewel: but, Why will you be at this needleſs charge? What acknowledgment do you expect? you know I will not Marry you.

Lov. How the Devil do I know that? I do not conceive my ſelf under correction, ſo inconſiderable a perſon.

Conſt. You'll alter your partial opinion, when I tell you 'tis not a flaſh of wit fires me; nor is it a gay out-ſide can ſeduce me to Matrimony.

Lov. I am neither Fool, nor deform'd ſo much as to be deſpicable. What do I want.

Const. A good Estate, that makes every thing handsome; nothing can look well without it.

Lov. Does this Jewel express poverty?

Const. I conjure you by your love to me, tell me one truth not minc'd by your invention: How came you by this Jewel?

Lov. 'Tis well I have a Voucher; pray ask your own Jeweller *Setstone*, if I did not buy it of him.

Const. How glad you are now, you can tell a truth so near a lie: but, Where had you the Money that purchas'd it? come, —without circumstances and preambles——

Lov. Umh,—— perhaps that may be a secret.

Const. Say it be one; yet he that lov'd indeed, could not keep it from his Mistris.

Lov. Why should you be thus importunate?

Const. Because I cannot think you love me, if you will not trust that to my knowledge, which you conceal from all the World beside.

Lov. You urge me deeply——

Const. Come, sweet Servant, you shall tell me; I am resolv'd to take no denial: Why do you sigh?

Lov. If *I* be blasted it must out.

Const. Either tell me, or resolve to take your leave for ever.

Love. Then know *I* have my means; *I* know not how.

Const. This is a fine secret.

Lov. Why then if you will needs know, 'tis from the Devil; *I* have Money from him, what, and when *I* please.

Const. Have you seal'd a Covenant, and given away your Soul for Money?

Lov. No such thing intended on my part.

Const. How then?

Lov. *I* know not yet what conditions he'll propose: *I* should have spoke with him last night, but that a cross chance hinder'd it.

Const. Well, my opinion is, some great Lady that is in love with you, supplies you still; and you tell me an incredible Tale of the Devil, meerly to shadow your infidelity.

Lov. Devise some meanes to try me.

Const. I take you at your word; you shall swear freely to bestow

on

on me, what ever you shall gain this unknown-way; and for a proofe, because you tell me you can have Money, what and when you please; bring me an hundred pounds e'r night: [If I do marry him for a Wit, Ill see what he can do; he shall have none from me. (*aside.*

Lov. You overjoy me, Madam; you shall have it, and 'twere twice as much.

Const. How's this!

Lov. The Devil a cross that I have; or know where to get; but I must promise well to save my credit: now Devil, if thou do'st forsake me! (*aside.*

Const. I mistrust you; and therefore if you faile, I'll have your hand to show against you; here's inke and paper.

Loveby *Writes.*

Enter Burr *and* Timorous.

Bur. What makes *Loveby* yonder? he's Writing somewhat.

Tim. I'll go see. —— (*Lookes over him.*)

Lov. Have you no more manners then to overlook a man when he's a Writing? — Oh, Is't you Sir *Timorous*? you may stand still; now *I* think on't you cannot read Written hand.

Bur. You are very familiar with Sir *Timorous*.

Lov. So *I* am with his Companions Sir.

Burr. Then there's hope you and *I* may be better acquainted: I am one of his Companions.

Lov. By what title, as you are an Ass Sir.

Const. No more *Loveby*. —

Lov. I need not Madam; alass this fellow is onely the Sollicitor of a quarrel, til he has brought it to an head; and will leave the fighting part to the Curteous pledger. Do not *I* know these fellowes? you shall as soon perswade a Mastiff to fasten on a Lyon, as one of these to ingage with a courage above their own: they know well enough who they can beat, and who can beat them.

Enter

Enter Failer *at a diſtance.*

Fail. Yonder they are; now would I compound for a reaſonable ſumm that I were Friends with *Burr:* if *I* am not, *I* ſhall loſe Sir *Timorous.*

Conſt. O, Servant, have I ſpy'd you! let me run into your Armes.

Fail. I renounce my Lady *Conſtance: I* Vow to Gad I renounce her.

Tim. To your Task, *Burr.*

Enter Nonſuch *and* Iſabelle.

Conſt. Hold, Gentlemen; no ſign of quarrel!

Non. O Friends! I think I ſhall go mad with Griefe: I have loſt more Money.

Lov. Would I had it: that's all the harme I wiſh my ſelf: your Servant, Madam; I go about the buſineſs. —— (*Exit* Loveby.

Non. What! Does he take no pity on me?

Conſt. Prithee moane him *Iſabelle.*

Iſa. Alaſs, alaſs poor Nuncle! could they find in their hearts to rob him!

Non. Five hundred pounds out of poor ſix thouſand pounds a year! I and mine are undone for ever.

Fail. Your own Houſe you think is clear, my Lord?

Conſt. I dare anſwer for all there, as much as for my ſelf.

Burr. Oh that he would but think that *Loveby* had it!

Fail. If you'll be friends with me, I'll try what I can perſwade him to.

Burr. Here's my hand, I will Dear Heart.

Fail. Your own Houſe being clear, my Lord; I am apt to ſuſpect this *Loveby* for ſuch a perſon: Did you mark how abruptly he went out?

Non. He did indeed, Mr. *Failer:* but, Why ſhould I ſuſpect him? his carriage is fair, and his meanes great: he could never live after this rate if it were not.

Fail. This

Fail. This ſtill renders him the more ſuſpicious: he has no land to my knowledge.

Bur. Well ſaid miſchief —— (*aſide.*

Conſt. My Father's credulous, and this Rogue has found the blind-ſide of him; would *Loveby* heard him! —— (*to* Iſab.)

Fail. He has no Meanes, and he loſes at Play: ſo that for my part, I proteſt to Gad, I am reſolv'd he picks Locks for his Living.

Bur. Nay, to my Knowledge, he picks Locks.

Tim. And to mine.

Fail. No longer ago than laſt night he met me in the dark, and offer'd to dive into my Pockets.

Non. That's a main argument for ſuſpition.

Fail. I remember once when the Keyes of the *Exchequer* were loſt in the *Rump*-time, he was ſent for upon an extremity, and I gad he opens me all the Locks with the Blade-bone of a Breaſt of Mutton.

Non. Who, this *Loveby?*

Fail. This very *Loveby:* Another time, when we had ſate up very late at *Ombre* in the Country, and were hungry towards morning, he plucks me out, *I* Vow to Gad I tell you no lie, four ten-penny-Nailes from the Dairy-Lock with his teeth, fetches me out a Meſs of Milk; and knocks me u'm in again with his Head, upon Reputation.

Iſa. Thou Boy!

Non. What ſhall I do in this caſe? my comfort is, my Gold's all mark'd.

Conſt. Will you ſuſpect a Gentleman of *Loveby*'s worth, upon the bare report of ſuch a Raſcal as this *Failer?*

Non. Hold thy tongue, I charge thee; upon my bleſſing hold thy tongue, I'll have him apprehended before he ſleeps; come along with me, Mr. *Failer.*

Fail. Bur. Look well to Sir *Timorous*; I'll be with you inſtantly.

Conſt. I'll watch you, by your favour. (*aſide.*)

Exeunt Nonſuch, Failer, Conſtance *following them.*

Iſa. A word, Sir *Timorous.*

Bur. She ſhall have a courſe at the Knight, and come [*Gets behind.*

up

up to him; but when she is just ready to pinch he shall give such a loose from her, shall break her heart.

Isa. Burr there still, and watching us? there's certainly some Plot in this, but I'll turne it to my own advantage. (*aside.*

Tim. Did you marke *Burrs* retirement, Madam?

Isa. I; his guilt it seems makes him shun your company.

Tim. In what can he be guilty?

Isa. You must needs know it; he Courts your Mistriss.

Tim. Is he too, in Love with my Lady *Constance*?

Isa. No, no; but which is worse, he Courts me.

Tim. Why, What have I to do with you? you know I care not this for you.

Isa. Perhaps so; but he thought you did: and good reason he had for it.

Tim. What reason, Madam?

Isa. The most convincing in the World: he knew my Cousin *Constance* never lov'd you: he has heard her say, you were as invincibly ignorant as a Town-sop judging a new Play: as shame-fac'd as a great over-grown School-boy: in fine, good for nothing but to be worm'd out of your estate, and Sacrifis'd to the god of Laughter.

Tim. Was your Cousin so barbarous to say this?

Isab. In his hearing.

Tim. And would he let me proceed in my suit to her?

Isa. For that I must excuse him: he never thought you could love one of my Cousin's humour: but took your Court to her, only as a blind to your affection for me: and being possessed with that opinion, he thought himself as worthy as you to marry me.

Tim. He is not halfe so worthy; and so I'll tell him, in a fair way.

Burr to a *Boy* Sirrah Boy, deliver this Note to Madam *Isabelle*; but entring. I be not known I am so near.

Boy. I warrant you, Sir.

Bur. Now Fortune, all I desire of thee, is, that Sir *Timorous* may see it; if he once be brought to believe there is a kindness between her and me, it will ruine all her Projects.

Isa. to the *Boy.* From whom?

Boy. From Mr. *Burr*, Madam.

Isabelle

Isabelle reads: These for Madam *Isabelle.*

Dear rogue,

Sir Timerous *knows nothing of our kindness, nor shall for me; seem still to have designs upon him; it will hide thy affection the better to thy Servant* Burr.

Isa. Alas poor Woodcock, dost thou go a birding: thou hast ee'n set a Springe to catch thy own neck: look you here Sir *Timerous*; here's something to confirm what I have told you.

Gives him the Letter.

Tim. D, e, a, re, dear, r, o, g, u, e, ro-gue. Pray Madam read it; this written hand is such a damn'd pedantique thing *I* could never away with it.

Isa. He would fain have robb'd you of me: Lord, Lord! to see the malice of a man.

Tim. She has perswaded me so damnably, that I begin to think she's my Mistress indeed.

Isab. Your Mistress? why I hope you are not to doubt that at this time of day. I was your Mistress from the first day you ever saw me.

Tim. Nay, like enough you were so; but I vow to gad now, I was wholly ignorant of my own affection.

Isa. And this Rogue pretends he has an interest in me meerly to defeat you: look you, look you where he stands in ambush, like a Jesuite behind a Quaker, to see how his design will take.

Tim. I see the Rogue: now could I find in my heart to marry you in spight to him; what think you on't in a fair way?

Isab. I have brought him about as I would wish; and now I'll make my own conditions (*aside*) Sir *Timerous*, I wish you well; but he I marry must promise me to live at *London*: I cannot abide to be in the Countrie, like a wild beast in the wilderness, with no Christian Soul about me.

Tim. Why I'll bear you company.

Isa. I cannot endure your early hunting matches there; to have my sleep disturb'd by break of day, with heigh *Fowler*, *Fowler*, there *Venus*, ah *Beauty*! and then a serenade of deep mouth'd curres, to answer the salutation of the Huntsman, as if hell were broke loose about me: and all this to meet a pack of gentlemen Salvages to ride all day like mad men, for the immortal fame of being first in at the Hares death: to come upon the spur after a trayl at four in the

afternoon to destruction of cold meat and cheese, with your lewd companie in boots; fall a drinking till Supper time, be carried to bed, rop'd out of your Seller, and be good for nothing all the night after.

Tim. Well, Madam, what is it you would be at? you shall find me reasonable to all your propositions.

Isa. I have but one condition more to add; for I will be as reasonable as you, and that is a very poor request, to have all the money in my disposing.

Tim. How, all the money?

Isa. I, for I am sure I can huswife it better for your honour; not but that I shall be willing to encourage you with pocket money, or so sometimes.

Tim. This is somewhat hard.

Isa. Nay, if a woman cannot do that, I shall think you have an ill opinion of my virtue: not trust your own flesh and blood, Sir *Timerous.*

Tim. Well, is there any thing more behind?

Isa. Nothing more only the choise of my own companie, my own hours, and my own actions: these trifles granted me, in all things of moment, I am your most obedient Wife and Servant *Isabelle.*

Tim. Is't a match then?

Isa. For once I am content it shall; but 'tis to redeem you from those Rascals *Burr* and *Failer.* —— that way Sir *Timerous*, for fear of Spies; I'll meet you at the Garden dore. —— *Exit* Timerous.

Sola. I have led all women the way, if they dare but follow me; and now march off, if I can scape but spying, with my Drums beating, and my Colours flying. *Exit Isabelle.*

Burr. So their wooing's at an end; thanks to my wit.

Enter Failer.

Fail. Oh *Burr*! whither is it Sir *Timerous* and Madam *Isabelle* are gone together?

Bur. Adore my wit, boy; they are parted never to meet again.

Fail. I saw u'm meet just now at the Garden dore: so ho, ho, ho, who's within there: help here, quickly, quickly.

Enter

Enter Nonſuch *and two Servants.*

Nonſ. What's the matter?

Fail. Your Neice *Iſabelle* has ſtollen away Sir *Timerous.*

Nonſ. Which way took they?

Fail. Follow me, *I'll* ſhew you.

Nonſ. Break your necks after him, you idle Varlets.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Loveby: Loveby's *Collar unbutton'd, Band careleſly on, Hat on the table, as new riſing from ſleep.*

Lov. Boy! how long have I ſlept boy?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Two hours and a half Sir.

Lov. What's't a clock Sirrah?

Boy. Near four Sir.

Love. Why there's it: I have promiſ'd my Lady *Conſtance* an hundred pounds e'r night; I had four hours to perform it in when I engag'd to do it; and I have ſlept out more than two of them: all my hope to get this money lies within the compaſs of that hat there. —before I lay down I made bold a little to prick my finger, and write a note in the blood of it, to this ſame friend of mine in to'ther world, that uſes to ſupply me: the Devil has now had above two hours to perform it in; all which time I have ſlept to give him the better opportunity: time enough for a Gentleman of his agility to fetch it from the *Eaſt-Indies,* out of one of his Temples where they worſhip him; or if he were lazy, and not minded to go ſo far; 'twere but ſtepping over ſea, and borrowing ſo much money, out of his own Banck at *Amſterdam!* hang't, what's an hundred pounds between him and me. —Now does my heart go pit a pat, for fear I ſhould not find the money there: I would fain lift it up to ſee, and yet I am ſo fraid of miſſing: yet a plague, why ſhould I fear h'll fail me; the name of friend's a ſacred thing; ſure he'll conſider that: —methinks this Hat looks as if it ſhould have ſomething under it: if one could ſee the yellow boyes peeping underneath the brims now: ha! (*looks under round about*) in my conſcience I think I do: ſtand out

oth'way sirrah, and be ready to gather up the pieces that will flush out of the hat as I take it up.

Boy. What is my Master mad trow.

Loveby Snatches up the hat, looks in it hastily, and sees nothing but the Paper.

Now the Devil take the Devil: ah plague! was ever man serv'd so as I am: *(throws his hat upon the ground)* to break the bonds of Amity for 100 pieces: well, it shall be more out of thy way than thou imagin'st, Devil: I'll turn Parson, and be at open defiance with thee; I'll lay the wickedness of all people upon thee though thou art never so innocent; I'll convert thy Bawds and Whores; I'll Hector thy Gamesters, that they shall not dare to swear, curse or bubble; nay, I'll set thee out so, that thy very Usurers and Aldermen shall fear to have to do with thee.

[*a noise within of* Isabelle *and* Frances.

Enter Frances, *thrusting back* Isabelle *and* Timerous.

Fran. How now what's the matter?

Isa. Nay, sweet Mistress, be not so hard-hearted: all I desire of you is but harbour for a minute: you cannot in humanity deny that small succour to a Gentlewoman.

Franc. A Gentlewoman! I thought so, my house affords no harbour for Gentlewomen: you are a company of proud Hallotries; I'll teach you to take place of Tradesmens Wives with a wannion to you.

Lov. How's this, Madam *Isabelle*.

Isa. Mr. *Loveby*! how happy am I to meet with you in my distress!

Lov. What's the matter Madam?

Isa. I'll tell you, if this Gentlewoman will give me leave.

Franc. No Gentlewoman, I will not give you leave; they are such as we maintain your pride, as they say. Our {Isabelle} *whispers* Husbands trust you, and you must go before their {Loveby.} Wives. I am sure my Goodman never goes to any of your Lodgings but he comes home the worse for it, as they say.

Lov. Is that all! prithee good Landlady, for my sake entertain my friends.

Franc.

Franc. If the Gentlemans Worſhip had come alone, it may be I might have entertain'd him; but for you Minion!

Enter Nonſuch, Failer, Burr, *and Officers: cry within, here, here.*

Fail. My Lord, arreſt Sir *Timerous* upon a promiſe of marriage to your Daughter, and we'l witneſs it.

Timor. Why, what a ſtrange thing of you's this Madam *Iſabelle*, to bring a man into trouble thus!

Fail. you are not yet married to her;

Tim. Not that I remember.

Iſabelle. Well *Failer*, I ſhall find a time to reward your diligence.

Lov. If the Knight would have own'd his action, I ſhould have taught ſome of you more manners, than to come with Officers into my Lodging.

Franc. I'm glad with all my heart this Minx is prevented of her dedeſign: the Gentleman had got a great catch of her as they ſay. His old Father in the Country would have given him but little thank for't, to ſee him bring down a fine-bred Woman, with a Lute, and a Dreſſing-box, and a handful of money to her Portion.

Iſa. Good Miſtreſs. Whatdeelack! I know your quarrel to the Ladies, do they take up the Gallants from the Tradeſmens wives? Lord, what a grievous thing it is for a ſhe-Citizen to be forc'd to have Children by her own Husband!

Franc. Come, come, you'r a ſlanderful huswife, and I ſquorn your hallottry trick that I do, ſo I do.

Iſa. Steeple-hat your Husband never gets a good look when he comes home, except he brings a Gentleman to dinner; who if he caſts an amorous eye towards you; then, truſt him good Husband, ſweet Husband truſt him for my ſake: verily the Gentleman's an honeſt man, I read it in his countenance: and if you ſhould not be at home to receive the mony, I know he will pay the debt to me. Is't not ſo Miſtreſs?

Enter Bibber *in Slippers, with a skein of Silk about his neck.*

Franc. Will you ſee me wrong'd thus, under my own roof, as they ſay, *William*?

Iſa.

Isa. Nay, 'tis very true Mistress: you let the men with old complements take up new cloaths: I do not mean your Wives cloaths Mr. Merchant-Tailor.

Bib. Good ifaith! a notable smart Gentlewoman!

Isa. Look to your Wife, Sir, or in time she may undo your Trade: for she'll get all your men-Customers to her self.

Bibb. And *I* should be hang'd, I can forbear no longer.

He plucks out his Measure, and runs to Isabelle *to take measure of her.*

Isa. How now! what means Prince *Pericles* by this?

Bibber *on his knees.*

I must beg your Ladiship e'n to have the honour to trust you but for your Gown, for the sake of that last jeast. Flowr'd Satten, wrought Tabby, Silver upon any grounds: *I* shall run mad if *I* may not trust your Ladiship.

Franc. *I* think you are mad already, as they say, *William:* you shall not trust her.—— *plucks him back.*

Bib. Let me alone *Frances*; *I* am a Lyon when *I* am anger'd.

Isa. Pray do not pull your Lyon by the tail so Mistress.—*In* these Cloaths that he now takes measure of me for, will *I* marry Sir *Timerous*, mark that, and tremble *Failer.*

Fail. Never threaten me Madam, you't a person a despise.

Isa. *I* vow to gad *I*'ll be even with you Sir. *Exit Isabelle.*

Nonsuch *to the Bailiffs.* —— And when you have arrested him, be sure you search him for my gold.

Bailiffs to Loveby. We arrest you Sir at my Lord *Nonsuch* his Suit.

Lov. Me you Rascals!

Nons. Search him for my gold; you know the marks on't.

Lov. If they can find any mark'd or unmark'd gold about me; they'll find more than *I* can. You expect *I* should resist now; no, no, *I*'ll hamper you for this. ——

Bail. There's nothing to be found about him.

Fail. 'Tis no matter, to prison with him; there all his debts will come upon him.

Lov. What hurried to durance like a Stinkard!

Bib. Now as *I* live a pleasant Gentleman; I could find in my heart to bail him; but I'll overcome my self, and steal away. (*is going.*

Bail.

Bail. Come, Sir, we must provide you of another Lodging; but I believe you'l scarce like it.

Lov. If *I* doe not *I* ask no favour; pray turne me out of dores.

Bib. Turn him out of door! What a jeast was there? Now and *I* should be hang'd *I* cannot forbear Bayling him: stay Officers! I Bayle him Body and Soul for that Jeast.

Fail. Let us be gone in time, *Burr.*

[*Exeunt* Burr, Failer, Timorous.

Franc. You shall not Bayle him.

Bib. I know *I* am a Rogue to do it; but his Wit has prevail'd upon me, and a man must not go against his Conscience. There Officers——

Love. to *Non.* Old Man, if it were not for thy Daughter. ——

Non. Well, well; take your course, Sir.

[*Exit* Nonsuch *and* Bailiffs.

Lov. Come *Will*; I'll thank thee at the Tavern. *Frances*, remember this the next time you come up to make my Bed.

Fran. Do your worst, *I* fear you not, Sir. This is twice to day, *William*; to trust a Gentlewoman, and Bayle a Ragamuffin: *I* am sure he call'd you Cuckold but yesterday, and said he would make you one.

Lov. Look you *Frances*, *I* am a man of Honour, and if *I* said it, I'll not break my word with you.

Bib. There he was with you again, *Frances*: an excellent good jeast Ifaith la.

Fran. I'll not endure it, that I won't, so I won't: I'll go to the Justices Worship and fetch a Warrant for him.

Lov. But Landlady, the word Cuckold will bear no Action in the Law, except you could prove your Husband prejudic'd by it. Have any of his Customers forsook him for't? or, any Mercer refus'd to trust him the less, for my calling him so.

Fran. Nay, I know not for the Mercers; perhaps the Citizens may take it for no slander among one another, as they say; but for the Gentlemen ——

Lov. Will, Have they forsaken thee upon it?

Bib. No, I assure you, Sir.

Lov. No, I warrant u'm: a Cuckold has the signification of an honest

honeſt well-meaning Citizen; one that is not given to jealouſies or ſuſpitions; a juſt Perſon to his Wife, *&c.* one that, to ſpeak the worſt of him, does but to her, what he would be content ſhould be done to her by other men.

Franc. But that another man ſhould be the Father of his Children, as they ſay; I don't think that a civil thing Husband.

Lov. Not civil, Landlady! Why all things are civil that are made ſo by Cuſtome.

Bib. Why may not he get as fine Children as I, or any man?

Fran. But if thoſe Children, that are none of yours, ſhould call you Father, *William!*

Bib. If they call me Father, and are none of mine; I am the more beholding to u'm.

Fran. Nay, if that be your humour, husband, I am glad I know it, that I may pleaſe you the better another time, as they ſay. (*Exit* Frances.

Bib. Nay, but *Frances*, *Frances*; 'tis ſuch another woman. *Exit* Bibber.

Lov. 'Tis ſuch another Man: ——— My Coate and Sword *Boy*, I muſt go to Juſtice *Trices*; bring the Women, and come after me. (*Exit* Loveby.

ACT. IV.

Act. IV.

Table set with Cards *upon it.*

Trice *walking: Enter* Servant.

Serv. Sir, some Company is without upon Justice-business.

Trice. Sawcy Rascal, to disturb my Meditations.— *Exit* Servant. —I, it shall be he: *Jack Loveby*, What think'st thou of a Game of Picquet, we two, hand to fist! you and I will play one single Game for ten Pieces: 'tis deep stake *Jack*; but, 'tis all one between us two: you shall Deale *Jack:* Who, *I*, Mr. Justice, that's a good one, you must give me use for your hand then; that's six i'th hundred? Come, lift, lift; mines a ten; Mr. Justice: —— mines a King, oh ho, *Jack*, you Deale. I have the advantage of this I faith, if I can keep it.

He Deales 12 a piece; 2 by 2.

And lookes on his own Cards.

I take seven, and look on this.— Now for you *Jack Loveby.*

Enter Loveby *behind.*

Lov. How's this? Am *I* the Man he fights with?

Trice. I'll do you right *Jack*; as *I* am an honest Man you must discard this, there's no other way: if you were my own Brother *I* could do no better for you. —— Zounds, the Rogue has a Quint-Major, and three Aces younger hand. ——

Looks on t'other Cards.

Stay; What am *I* for the Point? but bare Forty, and he Fifty one: Fifteen and Five for the Point: 20, and 3 by Aces, 23. well, *I* am to play first: 1. 23. 2. 23. 3. 23. 4. 23. —— Pox on't, now *I* must play into his hand: 5 — now you take it *Jack*, 5. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. and the Cards Forty.

Lov. Hitherto it goes well on my ſide.——

Trice. Now *I* Deale: How many do you take *Jack?* All? then *I* am gone: What a riſe is here! 14 by Aces, and a Sixieme Major: I am gone, without looking into my Cards.— *I, I* (*Takes up an Ace and bites it.*) thought ſo: If ever Man Play'd with ſuch curs'd Fortune, I'll be hang'd, and all for want of this damn'd Ace——there's your ten Pieces, with a Pox to you, for a Rooking beggarly Raſcal as you are.

Loveby *Enters.*

Lov. What occaſion have I given you for theſe words, Sir? Rook and Raſcal! I am no more Raſcal than your ſelf, Sir.

Trice. How's this; how's this!

Lov. And though for this time I put it up, becauſe I am a winner. (*Snatches the Gold.*

Trice. What a Devil do'ſt thou put up? not my Gold I hope *Jack?*

Lov. By your favour but I do; and 'twas won fairly; a Sixieme, and Fourteen by Aces by your own confeſſion.——What a Pox we don't make Childrens Play I hope?

Trice. Well, remember this, *Jack*; from this hour I forſwear playing with you when I am alone; What, Will you bate me nothing on't?

Lov. Not a Farthing, *Juſtice:* I'll be Judged by you, if I had loſt you would have taken every piece on't: what I win, I win.—— and there's an end.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, theſe People ſtay without, and will not be anſwer'd.

Trice. Well, What's their buſineſs?

Serv. Nay, no great matter: onely a Fellow for getting a Wench with Childe.

Trice. No great matter ſaiſt thou; 'Faith but it is: Is he a poor Fellow, or a Gentleman?

Serv. A very poor Fellow, Sir.

Trice. Hang

Trice, Hang him, Rogue, make his Mittimus immediately; must such as he presume to get Children?

Lov. Well consider'd: a poor lowsie Rascal, to intrench upon the Game of Gentlemen! he might have pass'd his time at Nine-pins, or Shovel-board, that had been fit sport for such as he; Justice, have no Mercy on him.

Trice. No, by the Sword of Justice will I not.

Lov. Swear'st thou, ungracious Boy? that's too much on t'other hand for a Gentleman. I Swear not, I Drink not, I Curse not, I Cheat not; they are unnecessary Vices: I save so much out of those Sins, and take it out in that one necessary Vice of Wenching.

Enter Loveby's *Boy.*

Boy. Sir, the Parties are without according to your order.

Lov. 'Tis well; bring u'm in *Boy.*

Enter Lady Du Lake, *and two or three Whores.*

Justice, I recommend this antient Gentlewoman, with these vertuous Ladies, to thy Patronage; for her part, she is a person of exemplary life and behaviour; of singular conduct to break through, and patience to bear the assaults of Fortune: a general Benefactress of Mankind, and in fine a promoter of that great Work of Nature, Love.

Trice. Or, as the Vulgar Translation hath it, a very sufficient, and singular good-Bawd: Is't not so *Boy?*

Lov. I, Boy: Now for such a petty-fogging Fellow as thy Clerk to persecute this Lady; prithee think on't: 'tis a grievance of the Free-born-Subject.

L. *Dulake.* To see the ingratitude of this Generation! I that have spent my youth, set at nought my Fortune; and what is more dear to me, my honour, in the service of Gentlemen; should now in my old Age be left to want and Beggary, as if I were the vilest, and most unworthy creature upon Gods Earth. (*Crying.*)

Lov. Nay, good Mother, do not take it so bitterly.

L. *Dulake.* I confess the unkindness of it troubles me.

Lov. Thou shalt not want so long as I live: look, here's five

Pieces of Cordial Gold to comfort thy heart with, I won it e'n now of Mr. Juſtice; and *I* dare ſay he thinks it well beſtow'd.

Trice. My Money's gone to very pious uſes.

L. *Dulake,* (Laying her hand on *Lovebyes* head.)
Son *Loveby, I* knew thy Father well; and thy Grandfather before him; Fathers they were both to me; and *I* could weep for joy to ſee how thou tak'ſt after them. (*Weeping again*) I wiſh it lay in my power too, to gratifie this worthy Juſtice in my Vocation.

Trice. 'Faith *I* doubt *I* am paſt that noble Sin.

Lov. Prithee good Magiſtrate drink to her, and wipe ſorrow from her eyes.

Trice. Right Reverend, my Service to you in Canary.
(*She Drinks after him*) *and ſtayes at halfe-Glaſs.*

L. *Dulake.* 'Tis a great way to the bottom; but Heaven is All-ſufficient to give me ſtrength for it:——(*Drinks it up.*)
Why Gods bleſſing on your heart, Son *Trice. I* hope 'tis no offence to call you Son: Hem, hem! Son *Loveby*, I think my Son *Trice* and I are much of the ſame yeares: let me ſee Son if Nature be utterly extinct in you: are you tickliſh, Son *Trice?* (*Tickles him.*)

Trice. Are you Tickliſh Mother *Dulake.* (*Tickles her ſides.*)
She falls off her Chair; he falls off his to her; they rowle one over the other.

Lov. I would have all *London* now ſhow me ſuch another ſight of kindneſs in Old Age:
(*They help each other up.*)
Come, a Dance, a dance; call for your Clerk, Juſtice, he ſhall make one in ſign of Amity: (*Strike up Fidlers.*)
(*They Dance a round Dance, and Sing the Tune.*)

Enter Iſabelle *and* Conſtance.

Iſa. Are you at that Sport, I'faith? have among you blind Harpers:
She falls into the Dance.
At the Dances ending Loveby *ſees* Conſtance.

Trice. Is ſhe come! a Pox of all honeſt Women at ſuch a time!

Lov. If ſhe knows who theſe are, by this Light I am undone.

Conſt. Oh

Const. Oh Servant, I come to minde you of your Promise; come, produce my hundred pounds; the times out I set you.

Lov. Not till dark night upon my Reputation: I have not yet spoke with the Gentleman in the black Pantaloons; you know he seldome walkes abroad by day-light: Dear Madam, let me waite you to your Coach, and if I bring it not within this hour, discard me utterly.

Const. You must give me leave to salute the Company: What are they?

Lov. Persons of Quality of my acquaintance; but, I'll make your excuse to u'm.

Const. Nay, if they are Persons of Quality, I shall be rude to part from u'm so abruptly.

Lov. Why so! the Devil ow'd me a shame; and now he has paid me. I must present u'm what e'r come on't. (*aside*) —— This Madam is my Lady *Du Lake*,—— the Lady *Spring-well*,—— the Lady *Hoyden*. (*She and* Isabelle *Salute u'm.*)

Isa. What a Whiff was there came from my Lady *Hoyden*! and, What a Garlick-breath my Lady *Spring-well* had?

Trice. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Lov. Do not betray me, Justice; if you do ——

Isa. Oh, Are you thereabouts, Sir; then I smell a Rat Ifaith; but I'll say nothing.

Const. Ladies, I am an humble Servant to you all: and account it my happiness to have met with so good Company, at my Cousin *Trices*.

Trice. Ha, ha, ha.

L. *Du Lake.* Are these two Ladies of your acquaintance Son *Loveby*?

Lov. Son quoth a! a Pox of our Relation.—(*aside.*

L. *Du Lake.* I shall be glad to be better known to your Ladiships.

Const. You too much honour your Servants, Madam.

Isa. How *Loveby* fidges up and down: in what pain he is! we'l, if these be not they they call Whores, I'll be hanged, though I never saw one before: —— (*aside.*

Lov. Will your Ladiship please to go, Madam?

Conſt. I muſt beg the favour of theſe Ladies firſt, that I may know their Lodgings, and waite of u'm.

L. *Du Lake.* It will be our Duty to pay our Reſpects firſt to your Ladiſhip.

Con. I beg your Ladiſhips pardon, Madam ——

L. Du L. Your Ladiſhip ſhall excuſe us, Madam——

Iſa. Trice. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Ah devil grin you —— *aſide.*

Trice. I muſt go out, and laugh my belly-full. *Exit* Trice.

Con. But in earneſt Madam, I muſt have no denyal; I beſeech your Ladyſhip inſtruct me where I may tender my devoyres?

La. D. Since your Ladiſhip commands me, Madam, I dare diſobey no longer. My Lodgings are in St. *Luknors* Lane at the Cat and Fiddle.

Con. Whereabouts is that Lane, Servant?

Lov. Faith Madam, I know not that part oth' Town. —Lord, how I ſweat for fear —— *aſide.*

Con. And yours Madam, where, I beſeech your Ladyſhip.

2d. Wh. In *Dog and Bitch Yard*, and't pleaſe your Ladiſhip.

3d. Wh. And mine in *Sodom*, ſo like your Ladiſhip.

Con. How *Loveby*! I did not think you would have uſ'd me thus?

Lov. I beſeech your Ladiſhip but hear my Juſtification as I lead you.

Con. By no means, Sir; that were ſuch a rudeneſs to leave perſons of quality, to wait upon me: unhand me Sir.

Iſa. Ha, ha, ha. —— *Exeunt* Conſtance, Iſabelle.

Lov. I am ruin'd! for ever ru'n'd: plague had you no places in the Town to name but *Sodom*, and *Luknors-Lane* for Lodgings!

L. Du L. If any prejudice ariſe from it, upon my honour Son 'twas by miſtake, and not intended you: I thought ſhe deſir'd to have been admitted of the quality.

Lov. I was curſt when I had firſt to do with you —— *kicks u'm*

L. D. Well, I thank Heaven, that has indued me with ſuch patience. *Exeunt all but* Loveby *and his Boy.*

Lov. I have made a fair hand ont to day ——both loſt my Miſtreſs, and hear no news from my friend below: the World frowns upon me, and the Devil and my Miſtreſs have forſaken me: my God-

fathers

fathers and Godmothers have promised well for me: instead of renouncing them, they have renounc'd me.

Boy. Sir, I saw my Lady *Constance* smile as she went out: I am confident she's angry but from the teeth outwards; you might easily make fair weather with her, if you could get the money you promis'd her, but there's the devil——

Lov. Where is he boy? shew me him quickly.

Boy. Marry God blesse us! I mean Sir, there's the difficulty.

Lov. Damnd rogue to put me in hope so.——

Enter Bibber *at the other end.*

Lov. Uds so, look where *Bibber* is: now I think on't, he offerd me a bag of forty pounds, and the Lease of his house yesterday: but that's his pocky humour, when I have money and do not ask him, he will offer it; but when I ask him he will not lend a farthing——turn this way sirrah, and make as though we did not see him.——

Bib. Our Gentleman I think's talking with his boy there——

Lov. You understand me ——.

Boy. I warrant you Sir.

Lov. No news yet! what an unlucky rascal 'tis! if the rogue should hereafter be reduc'd to the raiment of his own Shreds, I should not pity him ——

Bib. How's this!

Lov. Now is this rascal hunting after jeasts, to make himself the greatest to all that know him.

Bib. This must be me.

Boy. I can hear neither tale nor tydings of him: I have search'd him in all his haunts; among his Creditors; and in all Companies where they are like to break the least jeast. I have visited the Coffee-houses for him; but among all the news there, I heard none of him. (Bib. *Good i faith.*)

Lov. Where's the Warrant, I'll put in my own name, since I cannot find him.

Boy. Sir, I gave it a Scrivener at next dore because I could not write, to fill up the blank place with Mr. *Bibbers* name.

Lov. What an unlucky vermin 'tis; now for an 100 *l.* could I have gratified him with a Waiters Place at Custom-house, that had been worth to him an 100 *l.* a year upon the nail.

Bib. Could

Bib. Could you ſo, could you ſo Sir? give me your hand, and *I* thank you heartily Mr. *Loveby.*

Lov. Art there honeſt *Will?* faith 'tis not worth thy thanks till it be done: *I* wiſh *I* had had the money for thee.

Bib. How much is't Sir?

Lov. An hundred pounds would do it.

Bib. Let me ſee, forty *I* have already by me; take that in part Sir;——and that, and the Leaſe of my houſe would over-do it.

Lov. By all means thy Leaſe *Will*: near ſcruple at that; hang a piece of Parchment, and two bits of ſoft wax: thou ſhalt do't, thou ſhalt boy.

Bib. Why then *I* will, Sir:——but ſtay, ſtay; now *I* think on't, *Frances* has an 120 pieces of old Grandam and Aunt gold left her, that ſhe would never let me touch: if we could get that Mr. *Loveby.*—— but ſhe'll never part with't.

Lov. 'Tis but ſaying the place is for her; a Waiting-woman's place in the Cuſtom-houſe: Boy, go and tell her ont immediately.

Exit Boy.

Bib. Hold a little; ſhe has been very deſirous to get a place in Court, that ſhe might take place as the Queens Servant.

Lov. She ſhall have a Dreſſers place, if thou'lt keep counſel. The worſt on't is, *I* have never a Warrant ready.

Bib. 'Tis all one for that Sir; ſhe can neither write nor read; tis but my telling her 'tis a Warrant and all's well. *I* can but laugh to think how ſhe'll be chouſ'd.

Lov. And you too: *Mum.* She's here *Will.*

Enter Frances.

Franc. A Waiting-womans place in the Cuſtom-houſe! there's news for me! thank you kind Mr. *Loveby*; you have been inſtrumental *I* hear of my preferment.

Lov. No, 'tis a Dreſſers place at Court, Landlady.

Franc. O gemini! that's better news.

Bib. *I*, but you muſt make haſt and fetch an hundred pieces: *I* can aſſure you 500 are bidden for it; and the Courtiers are ſuch ſlippery youths, they are ever for the faireſt Chapman.

Franc. *I*'ll fetch it preſently; oh how my heart quops now, as they ſay: *I*'ll fetch it preſently: ſweet Mr. *Loveby*, if the buſineſs

can

can be done, it shall be a good thing in your Worships way *I* promise you: O the father! that it could be done: O sweet father!

Loveby *plucks out a Paper.*

Lov. Here Mrs. *Bibber*, pray put in Madam *Bibbers* name into the Warrant.

Bib. Madam *Bibber*, there's joy. *I* must call you Wife no more, 'tis Madam *Bibber* now.

Franc. Pray read it Mr. *Bibber.*

Bib. An Order for the admission of the Illustrious Lady Madam *Bibber* into her Majesties service.

Franc. Pray give me the Paper, I'll have no body touch it but my self; I am sure my money pays for it as they say. These are the finest words; Madam *Bibber*; pray Chicken shew me where Madam is written that I may kiss it all over. *I* shall make bold now to bear up to these flirting Gentlewomen, that sweep it up and down with their long tails. I thought my self as good as they when *I* was, as I was; but now I am, as I am.

Lov. Good Landlady dispatch, and bring the Money.—

Franc. Truely in the place of a Dresser, I dare be bold to say, as they say; I, shall give their Majesties Worships good content: I'll go fetch it.— (*Exit* Frances.

Bib. We must keep the poor Soul in ignorance as long as we can, Sir; for, when she has once smoak'd it, *I* have no other way but to retreat into the body of my *Janizaries* my Journey-men; and never come out into her presence more: Where will you be at nine a Clock, Sir, that we may rejoyce over our good Fortune.

Lov. Call me at my Lord *Nonsuch* his House, and I'll go with you.

Bib. We'll have the Fiddles and triumph Ifaith. (*Exit* Bib.

Lov. Lord, how eager this Vermin was to cheat himself: well, I'll after, I long to finger these Jacobus's: perhaps they may make my Peace again with my Mistris. (*Exit* Loveby.

Enter Failer, Nonsuch, Constance *and* Isabelle *listning.*

Fail. I Vow to Gad my Lord, Sir *Timorous* is the most dejected person in the World, and so full of regret for what is past, 'Twas

his misfortune to be drawn in by such a Person as Madam *Isabelle.*

Non. 'Tis well his Estate pleads for him; he should ne'r set foot more within my doores else.

Fail. All be security for him for time to come: leave it to me to get the Licence: all I desire is your Daughter may be ready to morrow morning.

Non. Well, let me alone with her. [*Exeunt* Failer, Nonsuch.

Isa. You heard the dreadful sound to morrow Cousin.

Const. I would not throw my self away upon this Foole, if I could help it.

Isa. Better marry a Tertian Ague than a Foole, that's certain; there's one good day and night in that.

Const. And yet thou art mad of him thy self.

Isa. Nay, the Foole is a handsome Foole, that's somewhat; but 'tis not that; 'tis a kind of fancy I have taken to a Glass Coach, and six *Flanders* Mares; rich Liveries, and a good Fortune.

Const. Prithee do not mind me of u'm; for though I want u'm not, yet I find all Women are caught with Gayeties: one grain more would turne the ballance on his side; I am so vexed at the wilde courses of this *Loveby.*

Isa. Vex'd, Why vex'd? the worst you can say of him, is, he loves Women: and such make the kindest Husbands I am told. If you had a Summ of Money to put out; you would not look so much whether the Man were an honest Man, (for the Law would make him that) as if he were a good sufficient Pay-master.

Enter Setstone.

Const. As I live thou art a mad Girle.

Set. She must be us'd as Mad-folkes are then; had into the dark and cur'd.

Const. But, all this is no comfort to the word Tomorrow.

Isa. Well, What say you, if I put you to night into the Armes of *Loveby?*

Const. My condition's desperate, and past thy Physick.

Isa. When Physicks past, what remaines but to send for the Divine? here's little *Nicodemus* your Fathers Chaplain; I have spoke with

with him already; for a brace of Angels he shall make all sure betwixt you without a License. I, and prove ten at night a more Canonical hour than ten ith' Morning.

Const. I see not which way thou canst perform it; but if thou do'st *I* have many Admirations in store for thee. (*Whispers*

Isa. Step in, and get a Cushion underneath your apron.

Const. O, I must be with Childe it seemes!

Isa. And *Loveby* shall bring you to Bed to night, if the Devil be not in the Dice: away, make haste; —— (*Exit* Constance.

Setstone Be not you farr off; I shall have need of you too: I hear my Uncle coming; ——

Me thinks I long to be reveng'd of this wicked Elder for hindering of my Marriage to day: Hark you *Setstone.* —

Set. 'Tis impossible, Madam: 'twill never take.

Isa I warrant you: Do not I know him? he has not Braines enough, if they were butter'd, to feed a Black-bird —Nay, no replyes —— out of what I have said, you may instruct my Cousin too-- (*Exit* Setstone.

Enter Nonsuch.

Isa. Oh, Are you there, Sir? Faith it was kindly done of you to hinder me of a good Husband this afternoon: and but for one thing, I would resolve to leave your house.

Non. I'm glad there's any thing will stay thee.

Isa. If *I* stay 'tis for love of my Cousin *Constance*, not of you: *I* should be loath to leave her in this sad condition!

Non. What condition?

Isa. Nay, *I* know not; she has not worn her Busk this fortnight. I think she's grown fat o'th' sudden.

Non. O Devil, Devil! What a fright am I in?

Isa. She has qualmes too every morning: ravins mightily for green-fruit; and swoones at the sight of hot meat.

Non. She's with Childe! *I* am undone: *I* am undone!

Isa. I understand nothing of such matters: She's but in the next roome; best call her, and examine her about it.

Non. Why *Constance, Constance?*

Enter Constance, *as with Childe.*

Isa. Now for a broad-side; turn your prow to him Cousin. (*to her.*

Non. Now Gentlewoman! Is this possible?

Const. *I* do not reach your meaning, Sir.

Non. Where have you been of late?

Const. *I* seldome stir without you, Sir: these Walls most commonly confine me.

Non. These Walls can get no Children; nor these Hangings; though there be Men wrought in u'm.

Isa. Yet, by your favour Nuncle, children may be wrought behind the Hangings.

Non. O *Constance, Constance!* How have my gray hairs deserv'd this of thee? Who got that Belly there?

Con. You, *I* hope, Sir.

Non. Tell me the truth; for *I* will know it; come, the Story.

Const. The Story's quickly told, Sir, I'm with Child.

Non. And whose the Father?

Const. *I* do not know, Sir.

Non. Not know! went there so many to't?

Const. So farr from that, that there went none at all, to my best knowledge, Sir.

Non. Wast got by Miracle? Who was the Father?

Const. Who got your Money, Sir, that you have lost?

Non. Nay, Heaven knows who got that.

Const. And, Heaven knowes who got this: for, on my Conscience, he that had your Money, was the Father on't.

Non. The Devil it was as soon.

Const. That's all *I* fear, Sir.

Isa. 'Tis strange: and yet 'twere hard, Sir, to suspect my Cousin's Vertue, since we know the House is haunted.

Non. 'Tis true, that nothing can be laid, though under lock and key, but it miscarries.

Isa. 'Tis not to be believed what these villanous Spirits can do: they go invisible.

Const. First

Const. First they stole away my Prayer Book; and a little after that a small Treatise I had against Temptation; and when they were gone, you know Sir ——

Isa. If there be such doings, pray Heaven we are not all with Childe: 'tis certain that none that live within these Walls, but they have power of; I have fear'd *Toby* the Coachman any time this fortnight.

Non. Out impudence! a man with Childe! why 'tis unnatural.

Isa. I, so is he that got it.

Non. Thou art not in earnest.

Isa. I would I were not; hark, I hear him groan hither: come in poor *Toby.*

Enter Toby *Coachman, with an Urinal.*

Non. How now! What have you there, Sirrah?

Tob. And't please your Worship 'tis my Water: I had a spice oth' new Disease here ith' house, and so carried it to Master Doctor.

Non. Well; And what did he say to you?

Tob. He told me very sad newes, and please you: I am somewhat bashful to speak on't.

Isa. Out with it Man.

Tob. Why truely he told me the party that ow'd the Water was with Child.

Isa. I told you so Uncle.

Non. To my best remembrance I never heard of such a thing before.

Tob. I never stretch out my self to snap my Whip, but it goes to th' heart of me.

Isa. Alas poor *Toby.*

Non. Be gone, and put off your Livery Sirrah: you shall not stay a minute in my Service.

Tob. I beseech your good Worship be good to me; 'twas the first fault I ever committed in this kind: I have three poor Children by my Wife, and if you leave me to the wide World, with a new charge upon my self.

Non. Be gone, I will not hear a word.

Tob. If I must go, I'll not go alone: *Ambrose Tinis* the Cook is as bad as I am.

Non. I think you'l make me mad: Call the Rascal hither: I must account with him upon another score now I think on't.

Enter Ambrose Tinis.

Non. Sirrah, what made you send a Pheasant with one wing to the Table yesterday?

Amb. I beseech your Worship to pardon me, I long'd for't.

Isab. I fear'd as much.

Amb. And I beseech your Worship let me have a boy to help me in the Kitchin; for I find my self unable to go through with the work: besides the Doctor has warn'd me of stooping to the fire, for fear of a mischance.

Non. Why, are you with child sirrah!

Amb. So he tels me: but if I were put to my oath, I know not that ever I deserv'd for't:

Non. Still worse and worse: and here comes *Setstone* groaning.

Enter Setstone.

Setst. O Sir I have been so troubled with swooning fits; and have so long'd for cherries.

Non. He's poopt too.

Isa. Well, this is not the worst yet: I suspect something more than I will speak on.

Non. What dost thou suspect; ha!

Isa. Is not your Lordship with child too?

Non. Who, I with child, Marry Heaven forbid: what dost thou see by me to ground it on?

Isa. You'r very round of late; that's all Sir.

Non. Round, that's only fat I hope: I have had a very good stomach of late I'm sure.

Isab. Alas, and well you may: you eat for two Sir.

Non. *Setstone* look upon me, and tell me true: do you observe any alteration in me?

Set. I would not dishearten your Ladiship: — your Lordship I would

would say: but I have observ'd of late, your colour goes and comes extremely: methinks your Lordship looks very sharp, and bleak ith' face, and mighty puff ith' body.

Non. O the Devil! wretched men that we are all: nothing grieves me, but that in my old age, when others are past child-bearing, I should come to be a disgrace to my family.

Con. How do you Sir? your eyes look wondrous dim: is not there a mist before u'm?

Isa. Do you not feel a kicking in your belly? when do you look Nuncle?

Non. Uh, uh! me-thinks I am very sick o'th' sudden?

Isa. What store of old shirts have you against the good time? shall I give you a shift Nuncle?

Non. Here's like to be a fine charge towards: we shall all be brought to bed together: well, if I be with Devil I will have such Gossips: an Usurer and his Scrivener shall be Godfathers.

Isa. I'l help you Nuncle: and *Saundyes* two Grannies shall be Godmothers: the Child shall be christned by the Directory, and the Gossips Gift shall be the gude Scotch Kivenant.

Const. Set. Non. Toby. Ambr. Uh, uh, uh!

Isa. What rare musick's here!

Non. When e'r it comes from me 'twill kill me, that's certain:

Set. Best take a vomit.

Isa. and't comes upward the horns will choak him.

Non. Mass and so they will.

Isa. Your only way is to make sure oth' Man-midwife.

Non. But my Childs dishonor troubles me the most: if I could but see her well married, before I underwent the labour and peril of Child-bearing! what would you advise Neece!

Isa. That which I am very loath to do: send for honest *Jack Loveby*, and let him know the truth ont: he's a fellow without a fortune and will be glad to leap at the occasion.

Non. But why *Loveby* of all the world? 'tis but staying till to morrow, and then Sir *Timerous* will marry her.

Con. Uh! I swell so fast, I cannot hide it till to morrow.

Isa. Why there's it now!

Non. I'll send for the old Alderman *Getwell* immediately: he'll father the Devils Bastard I warrant you.

Isa.

Isa. Fie Nuncle! my Cousins somewhat too good yet for an Alman; if it were her third child she might hearken to you.

Non. Well, since it must be so, *Setstone* go you to *Loveby*, make my excuse to him for the arrest, and let him know what fortune may attend him.

Isa. Mr. *Setstone*, pray acquaint him with my Cousins affection to him; and prepare him to father the Cushion underneath her Peticoat. [*aside to* Set.

Set. I'll bring him immediately. *Exit* Setstone.

Isa. When he comes Nuncle, pray cover your great belly with your hat, that he may not see it.

Non. It goes against my heart to marry her to this *Loveby*; but what must be, must be.

Enter Loveby.

Con. O, Mr. *Loveby*! the welcomst man alive: you met *Setstone* I hope, that you came so opportunely.

Lov. No faith Madam, I came of my own accord.

Isa. 'Tis unlucky he's not prepar'd.

Lov. Look you Madam, I have brought the 100 *l.* the Devil was as punctual as three a clock at a Play-house: here, 'tis right I warrant it without telling; I took it upon his word —— *gives it.*

Con. Your kindness shall be requited Servant: but I sent for you upon another business: Pray Cousin tell't him, for I am asham'd to do't.

Lov. Ha! 'tis not that great belly I hope! is't come to that?

Isa. Hark you Mr. *Loveby*,—— a word with you.

Lov. A word with you Madam: whither is your Cousin bound?

Isa. Bound Sir?

Lov. I, bound; look you, she's under sail, with a lusty fore-wind.

Non. I sent for you Sir, but to be plain with you 'twas more out of necessity than Love.

Lov. I wonder my Lord at your invincible ill nature: you forget the arrest that I passed by: but this 'tis to be civil to unthankful persons; 'tis feeding an ill-natur'd dog, that snarles while he takes the victuals from your hand.

Non. All friends, all friends; no ripping up old stories; you shall have my Daughter.

Lov.

Lov. Faith I see your Lordship would let Lodgings ready furnish'd, but I am for an empty Tenement.

Non. I had almost forgot my own great belly; if he should discover that too! — [*claps his hat before it.*

Isa. to *Loveby.* You will not hear me, Sir: 'tis all roguery as I live.

Lov. Flat roguery I'll swear; if I had been father ont; nay, if I had but laid my breeches upon the bed, *I* would have married her: but *I* see we are not ordain'd for one another. —— *is going.*

Non. *I* beseech you Sir. ——

Lov. Pray cover, my Lord.

Is. He does his great belly, methinks ——

Non. *I*'ll make it up in money to you.

Lov. That cannot tempt me; *I* have a friend that shall be nameless, that will not see me want ——— and so your Servant.

Exit Loveby.

Isa. *I*'ll after and bring him back ——

Non. You shall not stir after him; does he scorn my daughter.

Isa. Lord how fretful you are: this breeding makes you so peevish Nuncle.

Non. 'Tis no matter, she shall straight be married to Sir *Timerous.*

Con. *I* am ruin'd Cousin.

Isa. *I* warrant you: ——My Lord *I* wish her well married to Sir *Timerous*; but *Loveby* will certainly infect him with the news of her great belly.

Non. *I*'ll dispatch it e'r he can speak with him.

Isa. When e'r he comes, he'll see what a *bona roba* she is grown.

Non. Therefore it shall be done ith' evening.

Isa. *I*t shall my Lord.

Con. Shall it?

Isa. Let me alone Cousin, ——and to this effect she shall write to him, that *to conform to your will, and his modesty, she desires him to come hither alone this Evening.*

Non. Excellent wench! I'll get my Chaplain ready.

Exit Nons.

Con. How can you hope to deceive my father?

Isa. If I do not I have hard luck.

Con. You go so strange a way about, your bowl must be well byassed to come in.

Isa. So plain a ground there's not the leaſt rub in't, *I'll* meet Sir *Timorous* in the dark, and in your room marry him.

Con. You'll be ſure to provide for one.

Isa. You miſtake me Couſin: oh! here's *Setſtone* again;

Enter Setſtone.

Mr. Jeweller, you muſt again into your Devils ſhape, and ſpeak with *Loveby*: but pray be carefull not to be diſcover'd.

Set. I warrant you Madam; I have couſned wiſer men than he in my own ſhape; and if I cannot continue it in a worſe, let the Devil *I* make bold with, e'n make as bold with me.

Isa. You muſt guide him by back wayes, to my Uncles Houſe, and ſo to my Couſins Chamber, that he may not know where he is when he comes there: the reſt *I'll* tell you as we go along.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Timorous; *after him* Burr *and* Failer.

Tim. Here here, read this Note; there's news for us.

Fail. Let me ſee't. (*reads.*)

Sir Timorous.

Be at the Garden dore at nine this Evening, there I'll receive you with my daughter, to gratifie your modeſty I deſign'd this way, after I had better conſiderd on it: and pray leave your Caterpillars Burr *and* Failer *behind you.*

Yours *Nonſuch.*

There is ſome trick in this, what e'r it be: but this word Caterpillars: you ſee *Burr*, Sir *Timorous*, is like to be lur'd from us. —— *to him aſide.*

Burr. Is there no prevention?

Fail. One way there is: Sir *Timorous* pray walk a turn while *Burr* and *I* conferre a little upon this matter —— —— Look you *Burr*, there is but one remedy in Nature *I* vow to gad: that is for you to have a new Sir *Timorous*, exceeding this perſon in bounty to you. Obſerve then, in Sir *Timorous* his place will *I* go, and igad *I'll* marry my

my Lady *Constance*; and then from the bowels of friendship bless thee with a thousand pounds, besides Lodging and Diet for thy life, boy.——

Burr. Umh——very well thought on. ——No Sir, you shall trust to my bounty; *I*'ll go in his place, murmure or repine, speak the least word, or give thy lips the least motion; and *I*'ll beat thee till thou art not in condition to go.

Fail. *I* vow to gad this is extreme injustice: was it not my invention?

Burr. Why dost thou think thou art worthy to make use of thy own invention?——speak another word dee see —— come help me quickly to strip Sir *Timorous*: his Coat may conduce to the deceipt. —— Sir *Timorous* by your leave. —— [*falls on him.*

Tim. O Lord! what's the matter?——murder —— murder.

Burr. Dee open; *I* have something in my pocket that will serve for a gag now *I* think on't.

(*gags and binds him.*)

So lye there Knight. Come Sir, and help to make me Sir *Timorous*; and when *I* am married, remember to increase your manners with my fortune——yet we'll alwayes drink together.

Exeunt.

Act. V.

Constance, Isabelle, Nonsuch.

Con. THis is just the Knights hour; and Lovers seldome come after their time.

Non. Good night Daughter, I'll to bed; and give you joy to morrow morning. *Exit Nonsuch.*

Isa. I'm glad he's gone: what, your train takes?

Con. Yes, yes; *Loveby* will come: *Setstone* has been with him in disguise; and promis'd him golden Mountains if he will not be wanting to his own fortune.

Isa. Is your habit provided too?

Con. All is ready.

Isa. Away then; for this is the place where we must part like Knights Errant, that take several paths to their adventures.

Con. 'Tis time; for I hear some body come along the Alley; without question 'tis *Timorous.* Farewell, the Captain stayes for me in my Chamber.

Isa. And I'll post after you to Matrimony; I have laid a fresh Parson at the next Stage that shall carry me tantivy.

Exit Constance.

Enter Burr *with* Timorous *his Coat on.*

Burr. My Lady *Constance!*

Isa. The same: Sir *Timorous!*

Burr. The same.

Isa. Sir *Timorous* takes me for my Cousin. *(aside.)*

Bur. My Lady *Constance* mistakes me for the Knight. *(aside.)*

Isa. Here, Sir; through the dark walk; 'tis but a little way about: —— he's my own beyond Redemption. —— *(aside.*

Bur. The Indies are mine; and a handsome Lady into the bargain. —— *(Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Failer, *dogging them as they go off.*

Fail. He ſhall be hang'd e'r he ſhall get her. Thus farr I have dogg'd u'm, and this way I am ſure they muſt paſs e'r they come to the houſe: the Rogue had got the old Dog-trick of a Stateſman; to fiſh things out of wiſer heads than his own, and never ſo much as take notice of him that gave the Counſel. —

Enter Iſabelle *and* Burr *again.*

Now if I can but give her the hint without his knowledge! —— Madam, —— my Lady *Conſtance* ——

Iſa. Whoſe voice is that?

Fail. A word in private, or you are undone: —— Pray ſtep aſide.

Bur. Where are you, Madam?

Iſa. Immediately, Sir *Timorous.*

Fail. You are miſtaken, Madam; 'tis not Sir *Timorous*; but *Burr* in his cloaths: he has ſtript the Knight; gag'd him, and lock'd him up.

Iſa. Failer?

Fail. The ſame: I could not but prevent your unhappineſs, though I hazard my Perſon in the diſcovery. I Vow to Gad, Madam.

Bur. Whoſe that talkes to you my Lady *Conſtance?*

Iſa. A Maid of my acquaintance that's come to take her leave of me before I marry; the poor ſoul does ſo pity me.

Bur. How will that Maid lie thinking of you and me to night!

Iſa. Has he the Key about him? (*To* Failer.

Fail. I think ſo, Madam.

Iſa. Could not you poſſibly pick his pocket, and give me the Key; then let me alone to releaſe Sir *Timorous*; and you ſhall be witneſs of the Wedding.

Fail. Igad you want your Couſin *Iſabells* wit to bring that to paſs Madam.

Iſa. I warrant you my own wit will ſerve to fool *Burr*, —— and you too, or I am much deceiv'd —— *(aſide.*

Fail. I am a little apprehensive of the Rascalls fingers since I felt u'm last; and yet my fear has not power to resist the sweet temptation of revenge; I Vow to Gad I'll try, Madam. ——

Isa. Never fear; let me alone to keep him busie. ——

Bur. Come, Madam, and let me take off those tastless Kisses the Maid gave you; May we not joyn lips before we are Married?

Isa. No, fye, Sir *Timorous.*

They struggle a little, and in that time Failer *picks his Pocket of the Key.*

Fail. I have it, —— here 'tis, —— now shift for your self as I'll do: I'll waite you in the Alley. (*Exit* Failer.

Isa. Sir *Timorous*, pray go into my Chamber; and make no noise till I return: I'll but fetch the little Man of God, and follow you in a twinckling.

Bur. There's no light I hope. ——

Isa. Not a spark

Bur. For to light me to the Mark —— (*Exit* Burr.

Isa. What a scowring have I scapt to night! fortune, 'tis thou hast been ingenious for me! Allons *Isabelle!* courage! now to deliver my Knight from the Enchanted Castle. (*Exit* Isabelle.

Enter Loveby *led by* Setstone *antickly habited; with a torch in one hand, and a wand in the other.*

Lov. What art thou that hast led me this long houre
Through Lanes and Alleys, and blind passages?

Set. I am thy *Genius*; and conduct thee to
Wealth, Fame, and Honour; what thou com'st to do
Do boldly: fear not; with this rod I charme thee;
And neither Elf nor Goblin now can harm thee.

Lov. VVell, march on; if thou art my *Genius*, thou art bound to be Answerable for me: I'll have thee hang'd if *I* miscarry.

Set. Fear not my Son.

Lov. Fear not quoth a! then prithee put on a more familiar shape: —— one of us two stinks extreamly: prithee do not come so near me: I do not love to have my face bleach'd like a Tiffany with thy Brimstone. ——

Set. Fear

Set. Fear not, but follow me. ——

Lov. 'Faith I have no great minde to't: I am somewhat godly at present; but stay a moneth longer and I'll be proud, and fitter for thee: in the meane time prithee stay thy stomach with some *Dutchman*: an *Hollander* with Butter will fry rarely in Hell.

Set. Mortal, 'tis now too late for a retreat: go on and live: step back and thou art mine.

Lov. So I am however; first or last, but for once I'll trust thee. ——

The Scene opens, and discovers Constance; *and a Parson by her, she habited like Fortune.*

Enter again.

Set. Take here the mighty Queen of good and ill;
Fortune: first Marry, then enjoy thy fill
Of lawful pleasures; but depart e'r morn:
Slip from her Bed, or else thou shalt be torn
Piece-meale by Fiends; thy bloud carows'd in Bowles,
And thy foure quarters blown to th' top of *Pouls*.

Lov. By your favour I'll never venture it: is marrying the business; I'll none I thank you. ——

(*Here* Constance *whispers* Setstone.

Set. Fortune will turne her back if twice deny'd.

Lov. Why she may turne her Girdle too on t'other side. This is the Devil; I will not venture on her.

Set. Fear not; she swears thou shalt receive no harm.

Lov. I, if a man durst trust her; but the Devil is got into such an ill name for lying.

Set. When e'r you are not pleas'd, it shall be lawful to sue out your Divorce.

Lov. I; but where shall I get a Lawyer? there you are afore-hand with me: you have retain'd most of them already —— for the favours I have receiv'd, I am very much her servant, but in the way of Matrimony, Mr. Parson there can tell you 'tis an Ordinance; and must not be enter'd into without mature deliberation: besides, Marriages you know are made in Heaven; and that I am sure this was not.

Set. She

Set. She bids you then, at leaſt, reſtore that Gold, which ſhe, too laviſhly, pour'd out on you unthankful Man.

Lov. Faith I have it not at preſent; 'tis all gone, as I am a ſinner; but, 'tis gone wickedly; all ſpent in the Devil her Fathers ſervice.

Set. Where is the grateful ſence of all your favours? Come, Fiends, with Fleſh-hooks tear the wretch in pieces, and bear his Soul upon your leathern wings, below the Fountain of the dark Abyſs.

Lov. What, Are you a Conjuring? if your good at that ſport, I can Conjure as well as you—— (*Draws his Sword.*

Con. Hold; for Heaven's ſake hold, I am no Spirit: touch but my hand; Ghoſts have no Fleſh and Blood. (*Diſcovering.*

Lov. My Lady *Conſtance!* I began to ſuſpect it might be a trick; but never could imagine you the Author: it ſeemes you are deſirous I ſhould Father this *Hans en Kelder heere.*

Conſt. I know not how without a bluſh to tell you it was a cheat I practis'd for your Love.

Set. A meere Tympany, Sir, rais'd by a Cuſhion; you ſee 'tis gone already.

Conſt. Setſtone was ſent to have acquainted you; but by the way unfortunately miſs'd you.

Lov. 'Twas you then that ſupply'd me all this while with Money; pretty Familiar, I hope to make thee amends e'r I ſleep to night: come Parſon, prethee make haſt and joyn us. I long to be out of her debt poor Rogue.

The Parſon takes them to the ſide of the Stage: they turn their backs to the Audience, while he mumbles to them.

Set. I'll be the Clark; Amen, give you joy Mr. Bridegroom, and Mrs. Bride.

Lov. Conſt. Thanks honeſt *Setſtone.*

Bib. Franc. And Muſick without, they Play.

Muſick. God give your worſhip a good even Mr. *Loveby.*

Conſt. Hark! What noiſe is that? Is this Muſick of your providing, *Setſtone?*

Set. Alaſs,

Set. Alas, Madam, I know nothing of it.

Lov. We are betray'd to your Father; but the beſt on't is, he comes too late to hinder us —— fear not, Madam, I'll bear you through u'm all. ——

As they ruſh out; Bibber, Frances, *and Muſick are entring in:* Bibber *and* Frances *are beaten down.*

[*Exeunt* Loveby, Conſtance, Setſtone, Parſon.

All cry out, Oh the Devil! the Devil! the Devil!

Bib. Lord bleſs us, Where are you *Frances?*

Franc. Here *William!* this is a Judgment, as they ſay, upon you *William*; for truſting Wits: and calling Gentlemen to the Tavern, *William.*

Bib. No; 'twas a Judgment upon you, for deſiring Preferment at Court, *Frances.* Let's call up the VVatch, and Juſtice *Trite*, to have the houſe ſearch'd.

Franc. I, I; there's more Devils there I warrant you. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Loveby, Conſtance, Setſtone, *again.*

Lov. It was certainly *Will Bibber* and his Wife with Muſick: for now *I* remember my ſelf *I* 'pointed him this hour at your Fathers houſe: but we frighted them worſe than they frighted us.

Conſt. Our Parſon run away too: —— when they cry'd out the Devil!

Lov. He was the wiſer: for if the Devil had come indeed, he has Preach'd ſo long againſt him it would have gone hard with him.

Set. Indeed I have alwayes obſerv'd Parſons to be more fearful of the Devil than other people.

Lov. Oh the Devil's the Spirit, and the Parſon's the Fleſh: and betwixt thoſe two there muſt be Warr: yet to do u'm both right, I think in my conſcience they quarrel onely like Lawyers; for their Fees; and meet good friends in private to laugh at their Clients.

Con. I ſaw him run in at my Couſin *Iſabells* chamber doore, which was wide open; I believe ſhe's return'd: we'll fetch a light from the Gallery, and give her joy. ——

Lov. Why is she Married, Madam?
Con. I'll tell you as we go.— (*Exeunt.*

The Scene *changes*; Burr *and the Parson enter, meeting in the dark.*

Bur. My Lady *Constance* are you come again? that's well: I have waited sufficiently for you in the dark.
Pars. Help, help, help good Christian People! the Devil, the Devil's here.
Bur. 'Tis I Madam; What do you meane?
Pars. Avoid Sathan! avoid, avoid.
Bur. What have I here, the hairy Woman?

Enter Loveby, Constance *with the Light.*

Bur. Ha! yonder's my Lady *Constance!* Who have I got, a stone-Priest by this good Light. How's this, *Loveby* too!
Lov. Burr, a beating my Reverend Clergy: What make you here at this unseasonable hour! I'll know your business — (*Draws.*
Bur. Will you Sir? — (*They Fight.*
Const. Set. Parson. Help, Murder, murder.

Enter at one Door, Trice *Drunk: with the Watch:* Bibber *and* Frances *following. At the other* Nonsuch, *and* Servants, *and* Failer.

Non. Murder, murder! beat down their weapons: Will you murder Sir *Timorous*, Mr. *Loveby* —— (*They disarme both.*
Sir *Timorous!* ha, *Burr!* Thieves; thieves! Sit down good Mr. Justice, and take their Examinations: now I shall know how my Money went.
Trice. They shall have Justice I warrant u'm.
(*Goes to sit and misses the chaire.*
Bib. The Justice is almost dead drunk, my Lord.
Franc. But and't please your Worship my Lord this is not the worst sight that we have seen here to night in your Worships house; we met three or four hugeous ugly Devils, with eyes like Sawcers, that

hat threw down my Husband, that threw down me, that made my heart so panck ever since, as they say.

Non. The Devil again in my house!

Lov. Nay, here he was, that's certain; he brought me hither, I know not how my self, and Married me; Mr. *Setstone* there can justifie it: but the best is, I have a Charme about me that will lay him yet e'r midnight.

Fail. And I Vow to Gad my Lord I know as little how I came hither as any man.

Bur. Nor I.

Trice. Nor I.

Lov. No I dare swear do'st thou not Mr. Justice.

Trice. But I wonder how the Devil durst come into our Ward, when he knows I have been at the Duties of — my Family — this evening.

Enter one of the Watch, with Timorous, *and* Isabelle.

Watch. And please your Worship I met this couple in the street late, and so seeing them to be man and woman, I brought um along with me, upon suspition of Felony together.

Franc. This is the proud minx that sought shelter in my house this afternoon, Mr. Justice.

Fail. Sir *Timorous* and Madam *Isabelle*! I Vow to Gad we are undone *Burr.* ——

Isa. Do not you know me, Mr. Justice?

Lov. Justice is blind, he knows no body.

Isa. My name is *Isabelle.*

Fran. No, thy name is *Jezabelle:* I warrant you there's none but Rogues and Papists would be abroad at this time of night.

Bib. Hold *Frances.* —

Trice. She's drunk *I* warrant her as any beast: *I* wonder woman you do not consider what a crying sin Drunkenness is? Whom do you learn it from in our Parish? *I'm* sure you never see me worse.

Isa. Burr and *Failer*; acknowledge your selves a couple of recreant Knights: Sir *Timorous* is mine: *I* have won him in fair Field from you.

Con. Give you joy Couſin,—give you joy!

Lov. Married!

Iſa. And in *Diana*'s Grove boy.

Lov. Why 'tis fine by heaven; 'tis wondrous fine; as the Poet goes on ſweetly.

Tim. I am ſure they had gagg'd me, and bound me, and ſtript me almoſt ſtark naked, and lockt me up as faſt as a Butterfly, till ſhe came and made me a man again; and therefore I have reaſon to love her the longeſt day I have to live.

Iſa. I, and the longeſt night too, or you are too blame. And you have one argument I love you, if the proverb be true, for I took you almoſt in your bare ſhirt.

Burr. So much for us *Failer*!

Con. Well my Lord, it had as good at firſt as at laſt: I muſt beg your Lordſhips bleſſing for this Gentleman and my ſelf.

both kneel.

Non. Why you are not married to him I hope: he's married to the devil.

Lov. 'Twas a white Devil of your Lordſhips getting then; Mr. *Setſtone*, and the Reverend here can witneſs it.

Set. Par. We muſt ſpeak truth my Lord.

Non. Would I had another Child for your ſake, you ſhould ne'r ſee peny of my money.

Lov. Thank you my Lord; but methinks 'tis much better as 'tis.

Iſa. Come Nuncle 'tis in vain to hold out now 'tis paſt remedy: 'tis like the laſt Act of a Play when People muſt marry; and if fathers will not conſent then, they ſhould throw Oranges at u'm from the Galleries: why ſhould you ſtand off to keep us from a dance?

Non. But there's one thing ſtill that troubles me, that's her great belly, and my own too.

Con. Nay for mine my Lord, 'tis vaniſh'd already: 'twas but a trick to catch the old one.

Lov. But I'll do my beſt, ſhe ſhall not be long without another.

Iſa. But as for your great belly Nuncle, I know no way to rid you on't but by taking out your guts.

Loveby. 'Tis ſuch a pretty ſmart raſcal; 'tis well I am pleaſ'd with my own choice; but I could have got ſuch Hectors and Poets and Gameſters out of thee.

Con.

Con. No no; two Wits could never have liv'd well together; want would have so sharpned you upon one another.

Isa. A Wit should naturally be joynd to a fortune; by the same reason your Vintners feed their hungry Wines.

Con. And if Sir *Timorous* and I had married; we two Fortunes must have built Hospitals with our money, we could never have spent it else.

Lov. Or what think you of paying Courtiers debts with it.

Isa. Well, to shew I am in charity with my Enemies, I'll make a motion: while we are in Town let us hire a large house, and live together: *Burr* and *Failer.*——

Fail. Shall be utterly discarded; I knew 'twould come to that I vow to gad.

Isa. Shall be our Ghests.

Burr *and* Failer *throw up their Caps, and cry* Vivi, Madame Isabelle.

Lov. And *Bibber* shall make our Wedding Cloaths without trusting.

Bib. No, hence forward I'll trust none but landed men; and such as have houses and apple-trees in the Country: now I have got a Place in the Customehouse.

Franc. Nothing vexes me, but that this flirting Gentlewoman should go before me; but I'll to the Heralds Office, and see whether the Queens Majesties Dresser should not take place of any Knights Wife in Christendom.

Bib. Now all will out.——no more good *Frances.*

Franc. I will speak, that I will, so I will: what! shall I be a Dresser to the Queens Majesty, and no body must know on't; I'll send Mr. Church-warden word on't; and Gentlemen, when you come to St. *Brides* Church (if ever you come to Church Gentlemen) you shall see me in the Pew that's next the Pulpit; thank Mr. *Loveby*'s Worship for't.

Loveby. Spare your thanks good Landlady, for the truth is we came too late; the Place is gone; and so is yours *Will*; but you shall have 200 *l.* for One, if that will satisfie you.

Franc. this is better news as they say.

Lov.

Lov. Chear up thy Wife *Will*: where are thy fiddles? a dance ſhould do it:

Bib. I'll run and call u'm.

Iſa. I have found out that will comfort her: henceforward I chriſten her by the name of *Madam Bibber.*

All. A Madam *Bibber*, A Madam *Bibber.*

Franc. Why, I thank you ſweet Gentlemen and Ladies, this is a Cordial to my drooping ſpirits: I confeſs *I* was a little eclipſ'd; but *I*'ll chear up with abundance of love, as they ſay. Strike up fiddles.—

Lov. That's a good Wench.

Dance.

Trice. This Muſick, and a little nod has recover'd me; I'll in and provide for the Sack-Poſſet.

Non. To bed, to bed; 'tis late: Son *Loveby* get me a boy to night, and I'll ſettle three thouſand a year upon him the firſt day he calls me Grandſire.

Lov. I'll do my beſt.

To make the bargain ſure before I ſleep.
Where Love and money ſtrike, the blow goes deep.

EPI

EPILOGUE to the WILD GALLANT, as it was first Acted.

THE Wild Gallant has quite playd out his game;
He's marry'd now, and that will make him tame;
Or if you think Marriage will not reclaim him,
The Critiques swear they'll damn him, but they'll tame him.
Yet though our Poet's threatned most by these,
They are the only People he can please:
For he to humour them, has shown to day,
That which they only like, a wretched Play:
But though his Play be ill, here have been shown
The greatest Wits and Beauties of the Town.
And his Occasion having brought you here
You are too grateful to become severe.
There is not any Person here so mean,
But he may freely judge each Act and Scene:
But if you bid him choose his Judges then,
He boldly names true English Gentlemen:
For he ne'r thought a handsome Garb or Dress,
So great a Crime to make their Judgement less:
And with these Gallants he these Ladies joyns,
To judge that Language their Converse refines.
But if their Censures should condemn his Play,
Far from Disputing, he does only pray
He may Leanders Destiny obtain:
Now spare him, drown him when he comes again.

EPILOGUE to the WILD GALLANT reviv'd.

OF all Dramatique Writing, Comick Wit,
As 'tis the best, so 'tis most hard to hit.
For it lies all in level to the eye,
Where all may judge, and each defect may spye.
Humour is that which every day we meet,
And therefore known as every publick street;
In which, if e'r the Poet go astray
You all can point, 'twas there he lost his way.

But

But, What's so common, to make pleasant too,
Is more than any wit can always do.
For 'tis, like Turkes, *with* Hen *and Rice, to treat;*
To make regallio's out of common meat.
But, in your Diet you grow Salvages:
Nothing but Humane flesh your taste can please:
And, as their Feasts with slaughter'd slaves began,
So you, at each new Play, must have a Man.
Hither you come, as to see Prizes fought;
If no Blood's drawn, you cry the Prize is naught.
But fooles grow wary now; and when they see
A Poet eyeing round the Company,
Straight each man for himself begins to doubt;
They shrink like Seamen when a Press comes out.
Few of e'm will be found for Publick use.
Except you charge an Oph upon each house,
Like the Traind-Bands, and every man ingage
For a sufficient Foole to serve the Stage.
And, when with much adoe you get him there,
Where he in all his glory shou'd appear,
Your Poets make him such rare things to say,
That he's more wit than any Man ith' Play.
But of so ill a mingle with the rest,
As when a Parrat's taught to break a jeast.
Thus aiming to be fine, they make a show
As tawdry Squires in Country Churches do.
Things well consider'd, 'tis so hard to make
A Comedy, which should the knowing take:
That our dull Poet, in despair to please,
Does humbly beg by me his writ of ease.
'Tis a Land-tax which he's too poor to pay;
You, therefore, must some other impost lay.
Would you but change for serious Plot and Verse
This mottley garniture of Fool and Farce,
Nor scorn a Mode, because 'tis taught at home,
Which does, like Vests, our Gravity become;
Our Poet yields you should this Play refuse,
As Tradesmen, by the change of fashions, lose.
With some content their fripperies of France,
In hope it may their staple Trade advance.

FINIS.